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LETTERS

Victors and Vanquished

Sir: The howls of outrage emanating from the American people at Lieut. Calley's sentence [April 12] seem to indicate that Americans are not willing to do unto themselves as they did unto the Germans and the Japanese. America has a moral obligation to judge her own as she has judged others in the past. Or are the norms to be different for the victors and the vanquished?

SANJOY SHOME
Flin Flon, Manitoba

Sir: How can the Army, an organization that trains people to kill, condemn Lieut. Calley for murder?

MARC IVANCIC
Eveleth, Minn.

Sir: So Lieut. Calley has been found guilty. Of what? Of having the courage to fight for his country? That a young man should expose himself to peril only to be court-martialed and convicted upon his return home is incredible. The idea that there is a "right" and "wrong" in war is ludicrous. I cannot believe that we will allow Calley to serve as scapegoat for our guilty consciences.

JANET DUNLOP SCHOM
College Station, Texas

Sir: Has this nation gone mad? Can a convicted murderer of women and children really become a folk hero? Are we to believe that murder without military reason is the norm for our armed services?

While it is true that Calley alone must not be allowed to bear the total blame, how can he be considered a scapegoat? A scapegoat is one who bears punishment for the mistakes of others. Is he so incompetent a human being that he is totally free of responsibility for his actions?

MARY ANNE HARRISON
Highland Park, Ill.

Sir: Germans accused of murdering Jews and other "enemies of the people" in cold blood during World War II invariably claimed that they were "only doing their duty and following orders." Many Americans who could not accept such an alibi then feel now that Calley's conviction is unjust. Fortunately, Calley's peers who convicted him did not have any such double standard.

GUNTHER BIENES
Havre de Grace, Md.

Sir: In my opinion, Lieut. Calley represents the tens of thousands of Americans who in the past have gone to foreign lands and waters to defend this country and the things for which it stands. As a World War II veteran, I know war is not pleasant. But to punish Lieut. Calley for carrying out his basic mission—to seek out and destroy the enemy—is wrong.

If Lieut. Calley's conviction and sentence are permitted to stand, these actions will most surely destroy the necessary fighting spirit of our armed forces.

OSBORNE S.P. KOERNER
Captain, U.S.N.R.
Arlington, Va.

La Causa Nostra

Sir: I found your article on the Italian-American Civil Rights League [April 5] an insult to all our people. You portray

our defensive organizations as fronts for "La Cosa Nostra" but ignore "La Causa Nostra" (Our Cause). We are sick of being discriminated against, stigmatized, degraded and oppressed in this country, sick of being called Mafia, greasers, dumb dagoes, guineas and wops. We will not be scapegoats of the WASP gangster establishment, which sees a cure-all for Yankee problems in the persecution of Italian-Americans.

ROBERTO DI SCIPIO
El Paso

Sir: As an Italian-American, I say a special thank you to Joe Colombo; what he may be is not certain, but he is proud of his heritage. Perhaps TIME will stop printing the words that I have been associated with all my life yet know very little about: La Cosa Nostra and Mafia.

PATSY SCARNECHIA
Würzburg, West Germany

Sir: Surely the Italian-American Civil Rights League could rally around some legitimate grievances rather than splitting straws over *The Godfather*, *The FBI* series and Alka-Seltzer's "spicy meatballs." The next thing we know, we're going to have to erase Sicily from the maps. Somebody in that league is full of pasta.

HARALD O. DOGLIANI
Boulder, Colo.

Sir: I have had films of mine picketed by the American Legion in Orange County, Calif., and by the Communist Party in Paris. Thank heavens some order has finally been brought into what people may or may not see on the screen by a truly responsible organization: the Mafia.

GEORGE AXELROD
London

Sir: I suppose even Joe Colombo has done a few good deeds, but Father Gigante would have done better to bless them in private and save his public prayers for the thousands of victims of the Mafia.

Had Father Gigante offered prayers at a Planned Parenthood banquet, I'm sure his bishop would have been induced to comment publicly. As an American of Italian descent, I can only be embarrassed over the whole sad affair.

RICHARD W. FRATTALI
Ann Arbor, Mich.

"New" Catholics

Sir: When Joseph Dollinger found it impossible to subscribe to papal infallibility at Vatican I, he felt constrained to leave the church and found the "Old" Catholics. When Hans Küng [April 5] finds it impossible to subscribe to any infallibility other than God's, he feels constrained to stay on and help bail out the sinking bark of Peter. Since infallibility is an irremovable position of the Catholic Church, many will wonder why Hans Küng does not leave the church and found the "New" Catholics.

PAUL F. PALMER, S.J.
New York City

Sir: It is quite amusing to watch Hans Küng, as a theologian, sawing away at the branch he is sitting on. For if the propositions of faith are as inadequate as he claims them to be, he is surely not entitled to assert that God is infallible, or that faith is not the acceptance of infallible propositions but a commitment to

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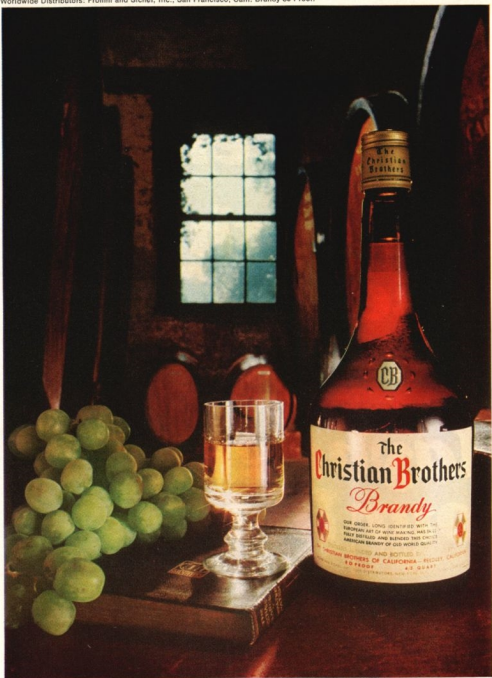
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Christ and his message. And why bother with Christ's message if he could have been mistaken?

G.H. DUGGAN, S.M.
Greenmeadows, New Zealand

Sir: Catholics are aware of the fact that it is Hans Küng who is neither infallible nor indefectible.

(THE REV.) G.V. HADDOCK
Manhattan

Gore v. Sex

Sir: The author of "Pornography Revisited" [April 5] suggests that there is an inconsistency between the conclusions of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography and those of the Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. This is not the case at all.

The real inconsistency is in protecting our children from films with sexual content, while giving G ratings to films which capitalize on blood and gore.

THOMAS R. WADDELL
Gainesville, Fla.

Sir: You write: "If some have a right to pornography, others have an equal right not to have it foisted on them." Have you ever thought that the word pornography could be replaced by the words advertising, religion, sport, music, etc.? Each time we open a book or a magazine, we run the risk of being shocked or scandalized. We accept this risk because it is the price of liberty.

NORMAND DESCHAMPS
Montreal

Sir: I feel that pornography has a definite detrimental effect on society. It is degrading, demeaning and depersonalizing

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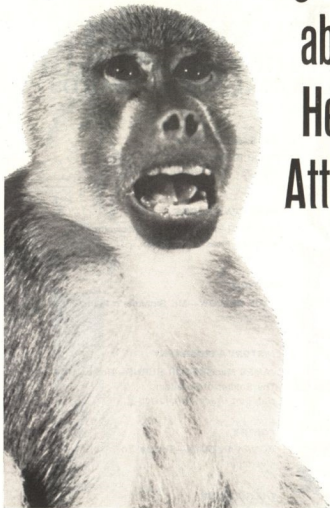


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ARTS AND LETTERS

FRANCIS STEEGMULLER—*Cocteau*,
Atlantic / Little, Brown

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LLOYD ALEXANDER—*The Marvelous
Misadventures of Sebastian*, E. P. Dutton

FICTION

SAUL BELLOW—*Mr. Sammler's Planet*,
Viking Press

HISTORY & BIOGRAPHY

JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS—*Roosevelt:
The Soldier of Freedom*,
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich

POETRY

MONA VAN DUYN—*To See, To Take*,
Atheneum

THE SCIENCES

RAYMOND PHINEAS STEARNS—*Science
in the British Colonies of America*,
University of Illinois Press

TRANSLATION

FRANK JONES—*Saint Joan of the
Stockyards* by Bertolt Brecht,
Indiana University Press
EDWARD G. SEIDENSTICKER—*The Sound
of the Mountain* by Yasunari Kawabata,
Alfred A. Knopf



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and makes fun of marriage, fidelity, home life, love and respect. We are surrounded by obscenities in our everyday lives by advertisements stressing virility and sex appeal. How many people are unhappy because they cannot keep up with the frantic pace that books and current movies tell us is "normal" in our sex lives? What ever happened to the idea of loving one person and keeping faithful to one's ideals?

(MRS.) JUDITH F. SOKOL
Bellflower, Calif.

Pure Blood to the Public

Sir: I don't think the Tokyo Giants are all "pure-blood Japanese" [March 29]. Sadaharu Oh may be a Japanese citizen, but his father is Chinese and only his mother is Japanese.

JAMES C. CHIANG
Cedar Falls, Iowa

► *Born and brought up in Japan, First Baseman Oh considers himself Japanese, as does his public.*

A Cut

Sir: The item entitled "Goheen Goes" [April 5] said that Princeton has cut the number of prep school graduates to 70% of the freshman class. For the record, the public school graduates made up about 50% when Mr. Goheen became president nearly 14 years ago, and this year were 70% of the freshman class.

WILLIAM H. WEATHERSBY
Vice President for Public Affairs
Princeton University

Not Without the Golden Fleece

Sir: Your excellent article on the National Gallery's new Rogier van der Weyden [April 5] contains a small misstatement that I would like to correct: Sir John Pope-Hennessy never agreed that the sitter was Philip the Good of Burgundy. Like me, he believed that the picture could be connected with the portrait of Philip's wife, Isabella of Portugal. But he realized that it was unlikely, to say the least, that Philip would have been painted not wearing the Order of the Golden Fleece.

The original purpose of the National Gallery picture remains a mystery. Is it a portrait, or is it the image of a saint posed for by a saintly looking model? Very probably it possessed a companion picture or pictures, and all the problems relating to it could be resolved if these should come to light.

DAVID CARRITT
London

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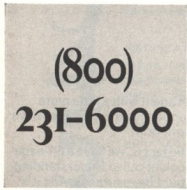
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What about them?

All states have problems, but Alaska's must certainly be unique. Running a state more than twice as large as Texas with a population roughly equivalent to the city of Wichita, Kansas has never been easy.

Alaska's Senator Mike Gravel has written . . . "Americans in affluent areas of the United States have no idea of the dimensions of rural poverty and living hardships that Alaskans must pay to live in the land they love."

Now there's oil. For those who live in Alaska, the oil can mean a better way of life, new opportunity, a real choice for the future. Initially, the development of the North Slope oilfields and the construction of the trans Alaska pipeline will mean a boom in jobs and business activity. But this will be temporary. (For example, several thousand people will be needed to build the pipeline, but fewer than three hundred employees will be required for actual operation.) The long-term benefit to Alaska and its people will come from a sustained annual income from production and transportation of a valuable resource.

Already the State has realized more than \$900 million from the sale of North Slope oil leases. When the oil actually begins to move to market, Alaska will receive a 12½% royalty on oil produced from State lands plus additional income from taxes. Official State estimates place these combined revenues, when the pipeline is operating at full capacity, in excess of \$150 million annually—more than the State's entire operating budget for 1967-68.

Translated into schools, hospitals, roads and other vital public programs, this income can herald a long-awaited era of security and opportunity for many Alaskans who have not fully enjoyed these benefits in the past.

The Native Situation—some have voiced concern that this sudden change might "ruin" the Alaskan Natives. The truth is that, to date, the Native Alaskan has been the recipient of nearly all of civilization's curses and precious few of its benefits. With the coming of the "white man," the cultures of the Eskimos,

Indians and Aleuts were touched, changed and altered for all time. Today there are some 53,000 Native Alaskans in Alaska and most of them live in poverty. The effects are tragic. Their life expectancy is about half the national average. Their rate of death from accidents and disease is twice as high as it is for other Americans. Typically, of the approximately 10,000 Eskimos who live in Western Alaska, only 45 have college degrees and one-fourth have no formal schooling at all.

These Americans ask only that they be allowed to improve their own situation. In 1884, the United States recognized that Native Alaskans should be undisturbed in their actual use and occupancy of lands claimed by them. Even today, the Native Claims question remains unresolved and awaits resolution by the Congress of the United States. A prompt and fair land claim settlement really means that the Native Alaskan should at last have the opportunity to look at our way of life and make up his own mind whether to take it or leave it.

Much hinges on a prompt and reasonable settlement of the claims of the Alaskan Natives, for until this is accomplished no one—not the Natives, nor the State of Alaska, nor the United States as a whole, nor the oil industry—can proceed with the orderly development and use of Alaska's natural resources.

U.S. Senator Ted Stevens of Alaska puts it this way. "Settlement of the Alaska Native land claims and construction of the trans Alaska pipeline are essential actions to assure a brighter future for Alaska and the United States. As the nation seeks to protect our ecology, it is important to remember that people—all our people—are part of our ecology and will benefit from these actions."

Public Affairs Division, Alyeska Pipeline Service Company, 2805 Denali Street, Anchorage, Alaska 99503.

Alyeska Pipeline Service Company

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 26, 1971 Vol. 97, No. 17

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Ping Pong and Reality

O China, O China,

*How restlessly you tremble
and stand astounded . . .*

—Ping, in Puccini's *Turandot*

A letter writer to a British newspaper last week enthusiastically observed that Giacomo Puccini showed uncanny foresight when he named two characters in his opera *Ping and Pong*. Perhaps so. The China of the opera was a place gilded with unreality; but what excited Americans last week about the astounding venture in Ping Pong diplomacy was that China was becoming real.

After more than two decades of frozen mutual hostility, the U.S. and China were beginning to talk and thus in a sense to see each other once more. China began to capture the American imagination, as it has many times before, and all sorts of Americans—including the President—started to talk about traveling there. In a world of diplomatic and military deadlocks, the sudden breach in the Great Wall was a relief.

Rationale and Rhetoric

The overwhelming reality for the U.S. is still Viet Nam, and it, too, could be affected by Peking's intimations of a latter-day open-door policy. It was unrealistic to expect that a somewhat friendlier China would help bring about a settlement of the war, but part of the original American rationale for the war was undermined. If China was turning

into a Ping Pong partner, the containment of its threat could no longer be described in American political rhetoric with quite the same urgency.

President Nixon, who had carefully and intelligently paved the way for better relations with China, won widespread support for this policy. At the same time last week he seemed to turn a few decibels more strident about Viet Nam. He not only reiterated that the U.S. would keep "residual" forces there until the Saigon government was reasonably secure, but he also pledged the continuing use of airpower "against North Viet Nam and its forces" until Hanoi has freed every American prisoner. Freeing the prisoners is a goal all Americans fervently desire, but it is questionable whether Nixon's tone and method can achieve it. The new sense of reality about China does not necessarily extend to Viet Nam.

Move Over, Willie

At a time when many young Americans flee the country or go to jail rather than face induction, coaxing today's youth to volunteer for military service is almost like asking Army Chief of Staff General William Westmoreland to join the Weatherman. Yet such is the Army's faith in its new mod style that it has launched a 13-week, \$10.6 million radio and television campaign—one of the most expensive ever conducted by a federal agency—to sell the idea of enlisting.

The Army's Uncle Sam no longer waves a bony finger from recruiting posters announcing I WANT YOU. Now



ALICE IN WONDERLAND SCULPTURE

youths of varied backgrounds, including cowboys and football players, appear with a new slogan: TODAY'S ARMY WANTS TO JOIN YOU. The prime-time TV spots show war dropping over snow-bound Oklahoma from Army helicopters to save starving cattle, and a salesman touting the "750-h.p., air-cooled, 12-cylinder" wonders of an Army tank, which a youthful customer promptly "buys" and drives proudly off-screen. In the ad Army, no one is asked to kill the implacable foe or save the world for democracy. A fellow could almost gain the impression that fighting can be fun.

It Is Not Always Better to Give

One would think that a philanthropist deserved the right to give his money, then sit back and take some small satisfaction in the pleasure it provides others. Or, if he prefers, just forget about it. Not in New York City. Millionaire George T. Delacorte (Dell Publishing Co.) financed an Alice in Wonderland sculpture for Central Park, then watched vandals assault it. He spent thousands on the mechanical animals that twirl in the park's zoo clock tower—and then much more on crews to repair the almost weekly breakdown of the machinery.

Delacorte's latest project, a \$350,000 fountain that draws water from the East River and shoots it 400 ft. high, has proved even more painful. After the fountain began propelling its plume to beautify the skyline, the city board of health complained that the river water was polluted and thus the fountain was contaminating the air. At considerable expense, that was fixed, but now Delacorte has learned that New York State wants the fountain moved because it sprays brackish water on a part of Welfare Island where a park and plantings are planned. But Delacorte, at 76, is not discouraged. He still finds it worthwhile for men of means to "give things of beauty" to the city. He has offered to build a 125-ft. stainless-steel obelisk in front of New York's Hunter College.

ARMY RECRUITING COMMERCIALS



**Today's Army
wants to join you.**



BELLY-BUTTON WINNER CHERRY



KITE FLYING IN DETROIT



MAYOR-ELECT MINETA & WIFE

And, It Might As Well Be Spring

AFTER the wrenching ordeal of the Calley affair, it was time for a moment of vernal exuberance. The sap was running in Vermont, where farmers have tapped the sugar maples and the stuff is flowing through plastic tubing directly from the trees to the sugarhouses. Detroit's Belle Isle Park and the banks of the Charles River in Boston sported colorful curtains of kites over the Easter weekend. Kent State students were playing baseball last week on the green where their fatal confrontation with the National Guard took place nearly a year ago. Relieved from the junk heap, the *Delta Queen*, last of the overnight, stern-wheel Mississippi riverboats, started a new "maiden" voyage to Cincinnati last week. All around the land Americans felt a sense of freshness and renewal. Perhaps nothing has changed, but spring makes it seem as though it has.

Rain Dances. Even the elements seemed to be cooperating. Kansas City basked in an unseasonal 90°, Chicago in 85° heat. A drenching rain ended a two-month drought in Southern California, tying up Los Angeles freeways and delaying drivers as much as two hours. In the bone-dry cattle country of West Texas, winds surpassing 60 m.p.h. turned the sky dark red with dirt at midday last week, a prelude to five inches of rain that interrupted seven months of Dust Bowl drought, perhaps in answer to Cherokee rain dances. But there was no relief for Florida's parched Everglades, where at one point more than 100 men and five helicopters were battling a 50,000-acre fire.

Besides the astonishing new breezes blowing from China, there were some refreshing political stirrings in the air at home. In San Jose, Calif., Norman Mineta, a Nisei who spent two years during World War II in a U.S. relocation

camp, was handily elected mayor. For a special election in Maryland's First Congressional District, voters between 18 and 21, enfranchised for the first time, turned out last week at twice the rate of their elders.

Gay President. Washington, D.C. was dazzling with pink cherry and magnolia blossoms, and deluged with tourists. One morning nearly 10,000 visitors queued up to tour the White House. Along the black iron White House fence 37 women, mainly suburban housewives, chained themselves in protest against the Viet Nam War. Peace marchers are about to descend on Washington en masse (see following story), but the city seems unperturbed. On the Capitol lawn, a group of Democratic presidential hopefuls, including Senators Birch Bayh of Indiana, Henry Jackson of Washington, and Harold Hughes of Iowa, startled passers-by as they sat down to dessert at fresco. The herring are beginning to run in the polluted Potomac. Willie Mays, age 39, hit four homers for the San Francisco Giants in the first four games of the new baseball season.

The generally calm campuses offered intriguing portents. Some 800 angry students surrounded the home of University of Florida President Stephen O'Connell in Gainesville, protesting his refusal to increase black enrollment quotas for the incoming freshman class. Recently blacks were elected to head the student bodies of two predominantly white colleges in the South: Vanderbilt University in Tennessee and the University of South Carolina. Two weeks ago, Jack Baker, 29, a second-year law student and a publicly militant homosexual, was elected student-body president at the Twin Cities campus of the University of Minnesota; he was endorsed by the student *Minnesota Daily*.

Of course the Aquarian mood was

hardly universal. In New York, bandits held a bank manager and his family hostage overnight and then forced him to open his Brooklyn bank vaults the next morning; they escaped with \$250,000.

A teen-age boy was slain on Washington's Potomac riverfront as he tried to protect his girl from an armed attacker. Dixieland Hall on New Orleans' Bourbon Street, one of the last bastions of unadorned Dixieland jazz in the city, closed last week after losing \$10,000 last year. *New York* magazine, which specializes in advice on how to survive in the big city, ran a cover story last week on ways to discourage car thieves. One truckload of 70,000 copies, en route from the printer in Maryland, was hijacked in Hoboken; police had still not recovered the truck or its contents at week's end.

Running Sap. Spring remains something of a silly season. In Detroit, friends of a 27-year-old advertising man celebrated his divorce with a shower of rice and a lunch that featured a "divorce cake" topped by a lone plastic groom. In Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Jane Cherry, 18, of Evansville, Ind., won a record player for possessing the most beautiful belly button on the beach.

In unexpected places, however, there were startling signs of sanity. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, long an exemplar of self-importance, swallowed hard and voted its best actor award to George C. Scott, who had said in advance that he would not accept it (see *SHOW BUSINESS*). The new sentimentality in films did nothing to save *Love Story*, which had seven Oscar nominations and won only for best original score. Author Erich Segal was undeterred. His sap is still running: this week he is slated to be one of more than 1,000 entrants in Boston's annual 26-mile marathon.

PROTEST

Demo Time Again

It is protest time again in Washington. The portable latrines and first-aid stations will soon be hauled into place for the antiwar demonstrators, who, like the cherry blossoms, have become a regular feature of spring in the capital. Unlike last May, when the Cambodian invasion and the killings at Kent State and Jackson State heightened the tension between protesters and their targets, this year's preparations have been relatively amicable. March routes were quickly granted, and the old tactic of drawing a wagon train of protective buses around the White House has been scrapped as poor public relations, and because the Government expects fewer protesters in this quieter time. The cooling of America has even extended to Spiro Agnew. In his capacity as Sen-

ing a memorial service at Arlington National Cemetery, lobbying on Capitol Hill, then fanning out across the city—as they have in New Jersey and elsewhere—to take over one neighborhood after another in mock “search and destroy” missions. The “Winter Soldiers”—named after the troops who stayed at Valley Forge during the bitter winter of 1777—will conclude their demonstrations on April 23 at the Capitol. The ex-G.I.s will turn in their service medals, placing them in green body bags normally used to transport combat dead, for presentation to President Nixon.

► A rally on the Ellipse and march down Pennsylvania Avenue. The National Peace Action Coalition, heir to the Moratorium supporters of the late '60s, will stage speeches from antiwar Senators and Congressmen, folk singing and the march. Organizers predict several hundred thousand for the April 24

most visible leader is Chicago Seven Defendant Rennie Davis, will open the final week with a “political Woodstock” rock festival on the grounds of the Washington Monument. The following day, a religious service will feature such disparate speakers as the Rev. Ralph Abernathy and Jane Fonda. Then the tactics escalate: May 3 and 4, Mayday demonstrators will attempt to choke off traffic on the highways leading to the Pentagon, stall cars at key intersections and bridges leading into the city. Finally, the anniversary of the killings at Kent State, May 5, is billed as “no business as usual day.” In addition to the stall-ins and strike in Washington, Mayday organizers hope for a moratorium on campuses across the nation.

The Challenger Within

It is March 14, 1972. California Congressman Paul McCloskey, campaigning against Richard Nixon's policy of unrestricted air strikes in Indochina, has just captured 40% of the vote in New Hampshire's G.O.P. primary. Hardly has a celebration begun at McCloskey headquarters when a hush falls over the room: the President appears on nationwide television announcing a total cessation of the bombing and an early date for the withdrawal of all remaining U.S. troops in Viet Nam.

In pursuit of this unlikely vision, Paul (“Pete”) McCloskey, 43, has begun tilting at the windmills. Just returned from a fact-finding mission in Indochina, he starts this week as a guest on *Face the Nation*, then skims from an antiwar rally in Providence to the main protest event in Washington, D.C. He is also due to testify before a Senate subcommittee hearing on Indochinese refugees. A serious, tough-minded opponent of the war, he has flatly asserted that he is going to challenge Nixon in the primaries unless the President stops the bombing and accelerates the pace of withdrawal. As yet, the threat is still somewhat guarded; McCloskey is admittedly reluctant to so enrage the President, and he has paved the road to New Hampshire with a long series of “ifs.”

There is, of course, the McCarthy precedent for such a challenge. But unlike McCarthy, McCloskey is not necessarily seeking the presidency. “I would not expect to win. I have neither the background nor the training,” he demurs. Nor is he much interested in precipitating a “dump Nixon” movement. More likely, he hopes that by a good showing in the New Hampshire primary, or even the threat of one, he can embarrass the President into ending the war.

Five Attempts. The challenge is all the stronger because it comes from an unlikely source. A Navy veteran, McCloskey volunteered for the Marines during the Korean War and won the Silver Star, the Purple Heart and the Navy Cross in combat as a second lieutenant. Elected to Congress in 1967 on a mild antiwar platform, outpolling



VETERANS RE-ENACTING P.O.W. CAPTURE IN NEW JERSEY ANTIWAR PROTEST
Mock missions, discarded medals and body bags.

ate president, Agnew granted permission for the demonstrators to assemble at the Capitol grounds, the first time a large group of protesters has been officially allowed to gather on the lawn of Capitol Hill. The main events scheduled for the three weeks of protest:

► Operation Dewey Canyon III, an assault on “the country of Congress, a limited incursion for the purpose of severing supply lines being utilized by the illegal mercenary forces of the Executive Branch.” The parody of military jargon is skillful, and with good reason: D.C. III will be carried out by a brigade of 5,000 Viet Nam Veterans Against the War. The veterans will mount one of the most elaborate antiwar protests of the spring. Dressed in fatigues and battle ribbons and carrying plastic M-16 rifles, they will “occupy” Washington for five days, hold-

demonstration; even with the Government expecting no more than 50,000, it is certain to be the largest showing of the three-week period.

► Workshops and lobbying at various Government agencies by the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice. Protesters plan to enter Government office buildings—the Justice Department, HEW, Selective Service, the Internal Revenue Service and the Capitol—to talk to civil service employees, distribute leaflets, and drum up support for a strike May 5. Although organizers stress the nonviolence of their actions, they are prepared to sit in and picket if they are denied access to the buildings.

► Large-scale civil disobedience and disruption. The most radical demonstrators assume control of the demonstrations on May 1. Mayday, a group whose



McCLOSKEY

Trying to reach the President.

among others Shirley Temple Black, he has been a supporter of the President on domestic issues.

Only on the war has McCloskey been out of step with the Administration; he has been a consistent dove in the pro-war House. Aides date his change of outlook to 1966, when a close friend returned from Viet Nam seriously wounded. McCloskey's first reaction was to attempt to return to active duty as a Marine officer and serve in Viet Nam. When he was turned down, he entered a period of deep introspection and re-examination of his attitudes toward the war. The result has been an ever growing commitment to withdrawal.

McCloskey is greatly upset by what he believes to be the stepped-up use of firepower in the war, by the notion that "somehow we can save face by killing more Cambodian, Vietnamese and Laotian civilians." He does not accuse the Administration of falsification of the facts on the war, but of "willful deception of the American people" by the selective disclosure of facts. An old friend of Presidential Assistant John Ehrlichman, he has five times attempted to communicate his feelings to the President, once in a hand-delivered letter. He was a House co-author of the bill repealing the Tonkin Gulf resolution. Last fall, having lost faith in both personal appeal and legislative action, he decided on a primary challenge as the only remaining means of influencing the President to end the war. He also drew wide attention when he endorsed discussion of impeachment as a justifiable means "to bring home to the President the depths of despair" over Viet Nam.

Not Bad Ratings. His party's attitude toward McCloskey has been to pretend he isn't there. Says G.O.P. National Committee Chairman Robert Dole coyly: "I haven't heard of him. How do you spell that last name? McWhat?

We really don't have much dealing with him. This is the *Republican National Committee*." But the posturing is unconvincing; the lesson of the 1968 Democratic primary in New Hampshire is not lost on G.O.P. strategists.

Comparisons to McCarthy, though, can be misleading. While sharing McCarthy's sincerity and distaste for demagoguery, the square-jawed, handsome McCloskey is more Kennedyesque in appeal. The father of four, he is a dedicated conservationist and at least once a year tries to head for Jackson Hole, Wyo., or the High Sierra for backpacking and fishing. He comes across well on television. After his 1967 race, McCloskey took a poll. It showed that of the people who had voted for him, only 5% did so because they knew his views and agreed with them, while 84% admitted they had no idea of his background or ideas but voted for him because he "appeared to be sincere and honest on television." Not bad ratings against Shirley Temple.

No One Better. It is still too early to assess McCloskey's chances of mounting an effective primary campaign. Money is a problem, although such diverse financial angels as New York Philanthropist Stewart Mott, California's Norton Simon and Cleveland Industrialist Cyrus Eaton have expressed interest in his campaign. He has received more than 30,000 letters of support from across the country, but realistically admits that it will take a much greater groundswell to put him across.

McCloskey still hopes that the President will change his mind on Viet Nam, that he will get out more quickly, that he will "come up with a startling new initiative." He would also prefer that someone else make the run. But as to his determination there is little doubt. "You're damned right you'll see me up in New Hampshire next year," he says. "If Nixon doesn't change and no one else better does it, I'll be there. I like those mountains."

THE FBI

Bugging Hoover (Contd.)

The controversy continues to gather around the FBI and its chief, J. Edgar Hoover. Picking up from Hale Boggs, Democratic House majority leader, who charged that the bureau wiretapped members of Congress, Senator Edmund Muskie accused the FBI of infiltrating last April's Earth Day rallies with undercover agents. Attorney General John Mitchell replied: "The FBI has no interest in an Earth Day meeting as such, but it does have a very legitimate interest in the activities of persons whose known records reveal a likelihood of violence, incitement to riot or other criminal behavior." He added pointedly: "Any suggestion that the FBI is conducting surveillance of the political activity of United States Senators is just as false as the charge that the FBI is tapping the telephones of members of Congress."

That is a rather sticky parallel. Although Boggs has yet to produce evidence that his or any other Congressman's phone was ever tapped, reports surfaced last week that the bureau had monitored conversations and telephone calls between Representative John Dowdy, a Texas Democrat, and an FBI informer. The recorded conversations were used to indict Dowdy on March 30 for allegedly accepting \$25,000 in a bribery conspiracy. This would seem to contradict the bureau's claim that it has never tapped a congressional phone. Technically, though, the FBI has a case: a Justice Department spokesman noted that although Dowdy's conversations were monitored, the actual listening was done at the other end of his line.

Repugnant. Throughout the rising debate, the acridulous FBI chief has maintained a low profile. President Nixon, too, has been extremely careful in his statements. He termed the criticism of Hoover "unfair and malicious" without



"J. EDGAR? SOME OF US BOYS DOWN IN CONGRESS WOULD LIKE TO DISCUSS YOUR POSSIBLE . . . ER . . . RETIREMENT . . ."

commenting on the specific charges. He also noted that the attacks on Hoover would not prompt the FBI director to resign. Rather, said Nixon, they "would have the opposite effect." In any event, he added, "it would be unfortunate to allow a man after 50 years to go out under a cloud, maligned."

White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler admitted that "perhaps" the FBI had brought the Earth Day activities under surveillance, but added that the Administration viewed the investigation of private citizens as "repugnant." Ziegler intimated, however, that Muskie was among those whom he had characterized as "creating a feeling of fear and intimidation among the people" for basically "political motives." Still, the feeling around the White House seems to be that between the powerful Hoover and the mounting public uneasiness over bureau activities, the President for a time will walk a careful line.

"Not True." The surveillance dispute reached back beyond the Nixon Administration to touch former President Johnson and former Attorney General Ramsey Clark. Although a hero of the left, Clark was cited in recently leaked Government documents as one of the principal architects of the domestic intelligence operations worked out during the riots of 1967 and 1968. Also named in the documents were Joseph Califano Jr., a special assistant to President Johnson, and Paul Nitze, Deputy Secretary of Defense. The documents reportedly show that the White House had asked the Justice Department to step up the flow of information on black militants, war protesters and sundry civil rights activists. Clark admitted that he had instructed the FBI to gather information on potentially violent dissenters, but heatedly denied allegations that linked him with military intelligence operations directed against civilians. "That's just not true," Clark insisted. "I don't care what the documents say."

THE ADMINISTRATION The Delicacy of Being Laird

Around the Nixon White House loyalty comes first, and in recent months Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird has been getting low marks for his performance in supporting the President's Viet Nam policy—not because he is against it in substance but because he would like withdrawal to proceed even faster. From the Administration's viewpoint, he has been too far out in front of his boss on a withdrawal timetable. For example, Laird predicted a lowering of the troop level to 50,000 by the end of 1972 weeks in advance of Nixon's televised speech two weeks ago announcing a similar reduction. Since January, he has spoken about terminating the U.S. presence in Viet Nam, while the President refused to speak of a date for total withdrawal. Leaks to columnists and meetings with doves are being skeptically

viewed as the beginnings of Laird's post-Pentagon political ambitions. As one Administration loyalist sourly puts it: "He is not fooling anybody."

For Laird, a delicate balancing act is involved. He and Nixon remain personally close, and among the Pennsylvania Avenue elite only Henry Kissinger yields greater influence on matters relating to national security. But the candid Laird has made no secret of his intention to leave the Pentagon after four years and return to the political



NIXON WITH LAIRD
A politician and proud of it.

arena. "I am a politician, I always have been, and I am proud of it," he says.

Laird, 48, is a driving, restless individual who becomes impatient when things do not go exactly as planned, and he is privately impatient with the pace of many of the Administration's programs. When he leaves the Pentagon, he would like to be remembered as the Secretary of Defense who took the nation out of the war via Vietnamization and who got the defense budget under control. Neither project is proceeding as well as he had hoped.

Consequently Laird is faced with the ticklish problem of being different without being disloyal. Any future political ambitions depend upon the good graces of party regulars who, like their leader, place a premium on loyalty. Laird clearly does not wish to offend Nixon.

For a politician of Laird's stature and background, the options are limited once he does leave the Pentagon; there are few lesser positions he would willingly accept. There is speculation around Washington that he has his eye on the Republican presidential nomi-

nation in 1976. "I couldn't believe you were talking about Mel if you didn't talk in terms of his presidential plans," says one G.O.P. insider.

One plausible scenario along these lines has Laird leaving the re-elected Administration in 1973 to run against Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson. Nelson is more vulnerable than William Proxmire, Wisconsin's other Senator. More important, Nelson's seat comes up for grabs in 1974, time enough for Laird to garner sufficient national exposure for a run at the presidency in 1976.

Bypassed. On the other hand, Laird could elect to return to the House—he would be an odds-on favorite to regain his old seat in Wisconsin's Seventh District—to pursue his once announced ambition of becoming Speaker. "That is where he would feel most comfortable," says a friend, "and Laird has 14 to 20 years more public service in him. He could go for the big one later."

For the present, however, Laird's actions have stirred considerable unease at the White House, where end runs for glory, even looking to 1976, are considered bad form. As yet, the President does not seem inclined to censure Laird in any way. But he seems to have expressed his views on how he could, were he so inclined, when he bypassed Laird on the Calley case and worked through the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Thomas Moorer. When asked why Nixon had acted as he did, an aide explained: "The President wanted a 'yes, sir,' not a 'yes, but' answer." That explanation, as well as any, sums up Laird's current stance.

CITIES

Carl Stokes Drops Out

With Cleveland's mayoral election coming up this fall, the telegraphed invitations to dinner at Mayor Carl Stokes' were not unusual. After cocktails and a light buffet, Stokes asked his 50 guests—bankers, business executives, political intimates—into the living room. "I have a speech to make." They stood in stunned silence as Stokes announced that he would not run again. He made his decision public in a television address later that night. "I have spent the last 14 years in local government; I have been privileged to serve in high office during America's most trying times. But my service has, of necessity, been limited to a relatively small constituency. I want now to expand my efforts."

His desire to move out of local politics comes at the end of 31 frustrating years as mayor of a troubled city. Supporters believe he may be seeking the late Whitney Young's post as director of the Urban League or the Democratic vice-presidential nomination.

Ten Dead. When Stokes was elected in 1967, Cleveland, like half a dozen other cities, had experienced bitter riots. Stokes, the first black mayor of a major urban center, became a symbol of hope in Cleveland; and in the glare

of national attention, the city embarked on an ambitious program of revitalization and reconciliation called "Cleveland: Now!" The program, to be financed with private donations as a seed fund for federal grants, had the backing of the white business establishment and much of the rest of the community.

The honeymoon between the mayor and his white supporters ended in a shootout between police and black militants during his first year in office. Ten people, including three policemen, were killed during the gun fight, and Stokes' decision to remove white policemen from the black neighborhood—credited by some with averting a holocaust, criticized by others as giving in to militants—split the city along racial lines. Months later it was discovered that \$10,000 of "Cleveland: Now!" funds had gone to a militant group, and part of the funds had been used to purchase guns for the bloody shootout.

The principal instrument of opposition to Stokes has become the city council. The issue that solidified the division was public housing. Stokes is a strong proponent of public housing (his family lived in a low-income project when he was young), and his belief that such developments should be dispersed throughout the city has divided even the black community. When Stokes announced plans for a low-cost housing project in Lee-Seville, a middle-class black neighborhood, the council blocked Stokes' proposals. An attempt to put public housing into the white, blue-collar west side was similarly blocked.

Boycott. Relations between Stokes and the white-dominated council have deteriorated to the point where the mayor and his top aides last month began a boycott of the council's weekly meetings. Council President Anthony Ga-

rofoli, in turn, accuses Stokes of playing confrontation politics. Says Garofoli: "He's divided the council racially; he's divided the city racially."

Stokes replies that the council members represent small constituencies. Says Stokes: "The result is a parochialism that prevents cooperation. Embattled? Yes, but I'm voluntarily embattled. I've insisted on running this city and taking on everyone I've thought was frustrating what was good for this town."

No Sweepers. Against this background, Stokes and the council have put forth separate tax proposals—both defeated by the voters. The cutbacks came quickly: 1,700 city employees have been laid off, recreation and health programs were reduced, Clevelanders now have to haul their garbage to the sidewalk for collection, and street sweepers are unavailable to clean up after the collectors. No policemen or firemen have been laid off, but none will be hired, and the police academy has been closed. The hiring freeze is certain to erase the 21% decrease in crime in downtown Cleveland, which Stokes' administration had achieved. Last month came the final blow to Clevelanders' pride: the city was left off the Railpax passenger route.

Some of Cleveland's problems can be solved with additional state and federal funds, but recovering from the crisis in confidence presents the bigger challenge. Said one businessman: "When you start with great expectations and not much happens, the result is off the rose very quickly. Maybe it was all just a fairy tale." For Cleveland and Stokes, the "fairy tale" has ended.

Fixing the Odds in Black Jack

Ten years ago, Black Jack, Mo., was bucolic farmland, a crossroads settlement that took its name from a stand of blackjack oak trees that once shaded farmers on their way to market in St. Louis, 15 miles to the north. All of this changed in the '60s with the arrival of the subdividers and developers who cut many of the farms into lots, built ranch and split-level houses in the \$30,000 to \$35,000 price range. Soon Black Jack was engulfed by the white exodus to the suburbs. Now the town is in the middle of a controversy that is certain to be one of the major civil rights issues of the '70s: Can the white suburbs that encircle the nation's big cities continue to zone out poor blacks?

The current controversy was brought about by the Interreligious Center for Urban Affairs Inc., a St. Louis social-action group, funded by 17 religious denominations. Black Jack was still an unincorporated bedroom community when the center signed a purchase agreement for 11.9 acres of a former bean field two days before Christmas 1969. The land was to be the site of a low-income housing project, the sixth that the group had initiated, the first in the suburbs. Says Center Director Jack Quigley: "If we were not to be guilty of gilding the ghetto, we would have to



BLACK JACK RESIDENTS PICKETING
Questions tinted with race.

get into the suburbs." Black Jack was chosen because it was one of the few areas in northern St. Louis County that was zoned for multiple-family dwellings. Named Park View Heights, the \$3.5 million project would have consisted of two- and three-story brick homes, broken by green space and recreation areas. The 210 tenants would have been families with incomes ranging between \$5,528 and \$9,800. But then the trouble began.

Rumors spread that the Federal Government, through FHA-insured loans, was going to turn the town into a haven for poor blacks. Opponents of the project raised fears of overcrowded schools and crime on the poorly lit streets. In March of 1970, "improvement associations" in the Black Jack area invited representatives of the Interreligious Center to a meeting. Paul Mittelstadt, the center's housing director, recalls that "all the questions were tinted by racial considerations. Then I heard someone bring up the possibility of incorporation as a way to stop the project."

Handbill Campaign. Within days the newly formed Black Jack Improvement Association was circulating handbills warning residents that the project "may begin a process that completely changes the economic character of the community and may produce a significant devaluation of the homes that presently exist. The crowding of low-income families into such a close space may result in disturbances that require more police support." The handbill urged citizens to write Government officials to voice their opposition. The appeal was very effective: letters inundated HUD and FHA, as well as the area's Senators and Congressmen. Petitions op-



STOKES WITH CLEVELAND TEEN-AGERS
Voluntarily embattled.

posing Park View Heights were signed by 6,000 northern St. Louis County citizens (Black Jack has a population estimated at 3,900). Says Mittelstadt: "Ever since that time, we've had trouble convincing people that the flyer didn't describe our project accurately."

Question Mark. The letters and petitions produced a White House cancellation of the project in May, but it was revived five days later when Quigley and Mittelstadt appealed to HUD. With Park View Heights a near reality, Black Jack decided to incorporate. The Interreligious Center tried to block incorporation, but its suit was dismissed. On Sept. 10, 1970, Black Jack became a city. Insisting that the objections were economic, not racial, the new little town held hearings; within six weeks it adopted a zoning regulation that would prevent the construction of homes for more than one family. Two black members of the zoning board—there are eight black families in the town—voted to approve the regulation. Last January, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development George Romney called the new zoning law a "blatant violation of the Constitution and the law." Once again the center, aided by the American Civil Liberties Union, sued: the case is in the first stages of what will certainly be a lengthy trial and appeals process.

The biggest question mark in the controversy at this point is the role of the Federal Government. Secretary Romney favors federal action against Black Jack. But in his Feb. 17 news conference, President Nixon said he did not approve of "forced integration" in the suburbs, though he had ordered HUD and the Justice Department to submit a recommendation on the Black Jack suit "within approximately 30 days." A week after the deadline passed—with no decision from the White House—Nixon told a television interviewer that the Federal Government would not "break up a community from an economic standpoint because those homes are too expensive for some people to move into." Both sides are now waiting for the Administration's formal decision on the case—a decision all agree will likely set the tenor for the suburban legal battles to come all across the U.S.

PERSONALITY

Miss Luscomb Takes a Stand

Boston's Florence Luscomb is the very model of a modern revolutionary. Last spring she stood shoulder to shoulder on a Moratorium Day platform with Abbie Hoffman and the Black Panthers. Only a month ago she was marching in Cambridge to protest the Government's treatment of Angela Davis. Only last week she delivered the welcoming address to a feminist rally on Boston Common and she is slated at the Washington antiwar rally on April 24. An ardent Women's Liberationist, she makes frequent speaking appearances at high schools and colleges, ar-

guing for abortion on demand and job equality.

Miss Luscomb also favors "cooperative living" and indeed lives in a Cambridge commune with seven other women and men. None of this activity would be very unusual were it not for the fact that Florence Luscomb is 84.

Miss Luscomb is hardly a Jenny-come-lately to the barricades, a dotty old lady off on a senile lark. Her present politics and life-style are merely extensions of a lifelong devotion to progressive causes, and she conducts her activist's life with grace and dignity. The commune—or "co-op," as the residents prefer to call it—is quiet and orderly; each member has his or her own

ered at suffrage meetings and distributed leaflets." She graduated from M.I.T. with a B.S. in architecture in 1909. She worked as a draftsman until World War I, when she became a full-time feminist. She carried the movement to rural Massachusetts, making "222 speeches in 14 weeks."

Shrewd Sense. After women gained the vote in 1920 Miss Luscomb became a charter member of the League of Women Voters. She cast her first presidential ballot in 1920 for Socialist Candidate Eugene Debs. Soon she was involved in the labor movement, inspecting the shops operated by the garment trade. Miss Luscomb's shrewd sense of revolutionary tactics—which are still being

copied by her spiritual descendants—helped rectify dismal working conditions. "I got four women who were distinguished Bostonians to go to the factories with me. When the newspapers printed their report, believe me, the state officials came down and cleaned up immediately."

Donning a gas mask to protest police gassing tactics, she joined longshoremen picket lines with Zara du Pont, an activist member of the chemical clan. She also conducted campaigns in behalf of the League of Nations, and once ran for Congress on a pro-labor ticket against John McCormack.

A 1935 trip to the Soviet Union, coupled with her tireless involvement in then radical movements, brought her before a state commission investigating Communism during the McCarthy era. She denounced the commission and refused to testify. "I simply told them that my business was none of their business." In 1962, while attending a disarmament conference in the Soviet Union, she wan-

gled a Chinese visa and visited the mainland.

For all her revolutionary fervor, Miss Luscomb lacks the sense of frustration that impels many of her younger colleagues to violence. She decries the recent tactic of Boston feminists, who took over a Harvard building for rap sessions and judo lessons. "If they have a right to take over a Harvard building for their cause," she says, "then so do the John Birchers."

Even so doughty an activist as Miss Luscomb has to say no once in a while though. Soon she plans to withdraw temporarily from the commune and retire, as she does each summer, to the solitude of her one-room cabin in the New Hampshire woods. There she can light her kerosene lamp, read the *Guardian* and her books about Karl Marx, and look across her vegetable garden to nearby Mount Chocoma—a 3,475-ft. peak she scaled four years ago.



FLORENCE IN HER CO-OP
Human life requires human contact.

room and is free to come and go at will. Says Michael Widmer, 32, a Boston journalist and founder of the commune: "At first we were kind of surprised she even had the gumption to come around. Most of us were a little cowed by her at first. There was some difficulty adjusting to an older woman. She seemed to everyone like a mother." Miss Luscomb, who never married, thoroughly enjoys communal life. "I have no living relative," she explains. "I have lived in an apartment by myself, and it's very lonely. You come home at night to a dark house and cook your meal with no one to talk to. That's not a human life. A human life requires human contact."

Her training in protest began early. In 1892, when she was only five, her mother took her to a women's suffrage convention. She still remembers being moved by a Susan B. Anthony speech. "All through my girlhood," she recalls, "I ush-

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than two of the world's most luxury cars.

\$16,000 limousine. 59 favored Mercury to 31 for a \$26,000 European touring car.



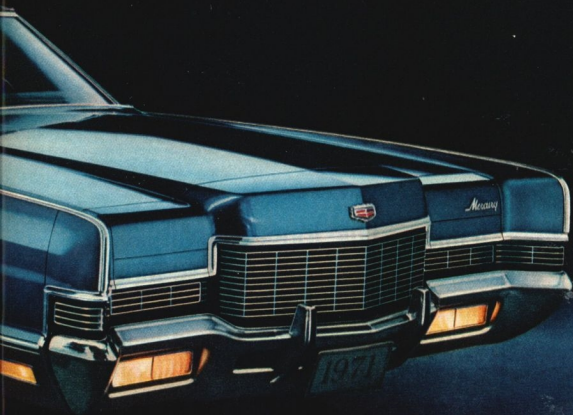
The chauffeurs were professionals. Participants had the same driver in both cars. Courses were identical. Speeds comparable.



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The results were eye-opening. A majority picked Mercury's ride. In addition, 20 of the 200 people rated the cars "about even."



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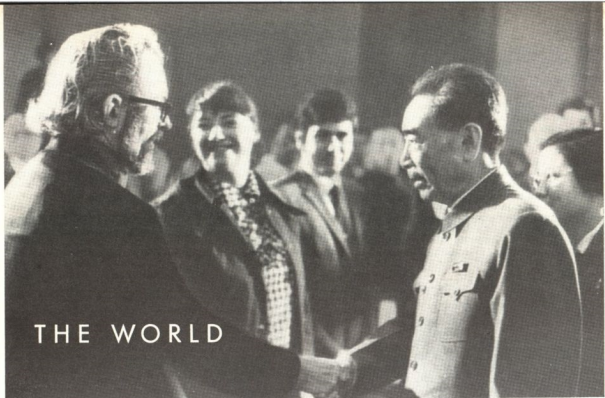


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THE WORLD

CHINESE PREMIER CHOU EN-LAI SHAKING HANDS WITH U.S. TABLE TENNIS PLAYER TIM BOGGAN

The Ping Heard Round the World

DRESSED in an austere gray tunic, Premier Chou En-lai, 73, moved along a line of respectfully silent visitors in Peking's massive Great Hall of the People. Adhering to strict alphabetical order, he shook hands first with the Canadian table tennis team, then the Colombians, the English and the Nigerians. Finally he stopped to chat with the 15-member U.S. team and three accompanying American reporters, the first group of U.S. citizens and journalists to visit China in nearly a quarter of a century. "We have opened a new page in the relations of the Chinese and American people," he told the U.S. visitors.

Even two weeks ago, the prospect would have seemed incredible. After years of xenophobia and anti-American fulminations, after an era in which China seemed as tightly closed to Americans as the Forbidden City ever was to outsiders—here was the Chinese Premier being amiable to Americans. Here, after years of hearing that Americans were foreign devils, were masses of schoolchildren smiling and waving to the U.S. visitors.

For more than two decades, Americans and Chinese Communists have regarded each other with a brittle hostility that has shaped Asia into rival power blocs and contributed to two wars. Yet in last week's gestures to the U.S. table tennis team, the Chinese were clearly indicating that a new era could begin. They carefully made their approaches through private U.S. citizens, but they

were responding to earlier signals that had been sent by the Nixon Administration over the past two years.

Probably never before in history has a sport been used so effectively as a tool of international diplomacy. With its premium on delicate skill and its onomatopoeic name implying an interplay of initiative and response, Ping Pong was an apt metaphor for the relations between Washington and Peking. "I was quite a Ping Pong player in my days at law school," President Nixon told his aides last week. "I might say I was fairly good at it."

Historical Significance

In the wake of Chou's statement to the Americans, Nixon deftly released a new statement on trade with China that, in effect allows Americans to deal in China on nearly the same basis as in the Soviet Union. The decision was actually made two weeks ago, but the timing of its announcement was decided by events. The President said that the U.S. would welcome visitors from China, abolish currency restrictions for American businessmen dealing with that country, allow U.S. companies to provide fuel for ships and planes traveling to China, and authorize American ships and planes to carry Chinese cargoes and American-owned foreign flag ships to call at Chinese ports. He also disclosed that the Administration is drawing up a list of nonstrategic goods that U.S. companies will be allowed to ex-

port directly to China. The remaining embargo on sales to China will still restrict some goods that can be exported to the Soviet Union, which has a more sophisticated technology than China. Even so, trade with China could amount to several hundred million dollars over the next decade (see BUSINESS).

It was, as Nixon stressed, too early to talk seriously about U.S. recognition of Peking or to look for immediate solutions to the many problems that have convulsed U.S.-Chinese relations since the Communist forces of Mao Tse-tung drove Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his Nationalist followers from the mainland in 1949. The Chinese Communists will not abruptly change their nature or their goals. Even so, all kinds of heady possibilities and difficult questions were suddenly in the air. What role would China assume as a no longer isolated power? Would the Russians get mad? Could the U.S. start playing Peking against Moscow? (A dangerous but almost irresistible thought.) Would global geometry turn into a triangle of Washington, Moscow and Peking? Or into a quadrangle, counting Tokyo? Would China's attitude affect the Vietnamese war? Most of the answers could not possibly become clear for a long time, but the world experienced the refreshing breaking of a dreary stalemate. Even if this break might bring new risks, they seemed preferable to the old paralysis.

In short, the great Ping Pong

mission had turned the familiar big-power contest into a whole new game—intricate, fascinating and almost certain to influence international relations for decades to come.

Around the world, the response reflected each country's stake in *détente* between China and the West. In Britain, which long ago recognized Peking with precious little to show for it so far, the *Times* rhapsodized: "The East Wind Is Kind." Moscow's *Pravda* restricted itself to a deadpan account of the U.S. table tennis team's visit to Peking. But the unspoken Soviet reaction could be judged from past editorials that inveighed against Sino-American "collusion" at Russia's expense. In Taipei, the *China Times* predictably warned in mixed metaphors that "the Chinese Communists

Howard, were Glenn Cowan, a long-haired student from Santa Monica, Calif.; John Tannehill, 19, a psychology major at Cincinnati University; Errol Resek, 29, an immigrant from the Dominican Republic and employee in the Wall Street office of the Chemical Bank, who was accompanied by his wife, and George Braithwaite, 36, a graduate of New York's City College, a United Nations employee and the only black in the group. The women players were Connie Sweeris, 20, a diminutive housewife from Grand Rapids, Mich.; Olga Soltesz, 17, of Orlando, Fla., who resembles a teen-age Joan Baez; and Judy Bochenki, 15, of Eugene, Ore. Also invited was *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s Richard Miles, ten times U.S. table tennis champion.

The Americans crossed the Chinese

rienced travelers assumed that was their meal. They dug in lustily. When they finished, however, nine other courses followed. "We had food you wouldn't believe," said Connie Sweeris. "Shark-fin soup, century-old eggs, and for dessert soup with a whole chicken floating in it. Actually, I got used to it."

The Chinese made it very plain that they welcomed the table tennis team as the "people of America," whom they carefully separated from "the Government of America." As the team moved around, the lesson was driven home to the Chinese citizens in the press and on the radio. "There was tremendous interest and no hostility," said one of the accompanying newsmen. "If the expression was not one of interested curiosity, it was one of welcome friendliness. That message must have been put over by the Chinese government." In fact, the New China News Agency carefully spelled it out for its readers: "The peoples and players of China and the U.S. are friendly to each other."

Special Ritual

The Americans asked to see the Great Wall of China, and they were taken on a two-hour bus ride through an oncoming stream of trucks, bicycles, ponies and people and past a majestic mountain range and fields green with bamboo shoots. At the crenelated, 2,400-year-old wall, Steenhoven was moved to comment: "I've seen Hadrian's Wall between Scotland and England, but it's just a pebble by comparison." Back in the capital, the visitors were taken to Tsinghua University, where Cowan and the younger players broke off to play table tennis with some of the students. Steenhoven, the Chrysler man, was invited to drive a truck that had been built almost entirely by the students. "I complimented them on the quality of the chrome, the bead of the arc welding, and the high-quality workmanship," he said. "I drove the truck very badly, I'm afraid, partly because the press was out there in front and I was afraid I might kill a couple, so I stalled the engine a couple of times."

The most enthusiastic member of the team, 19-year-old John Tannehill, who had embarrassed his companions by declaring that "Mao Tse-tung is the greatest moral and intellectual leader in the world," was unable to enjoy the fun. He was taken ill with chills, a headache and stomach trouble.

When it came to the stated object of the visit, an exhibition table tennis match, the visitors found undiminished the Chinese sense of courtesy and ceremony. A full 18,000 people had gathered in Peking's modern Indoor Stadium to watch the event, and they burst into applause when the Americans, wearing blue uniforms, marched in with the red-togged Chinese team. A banner announced: WELCOME TO THE TABLE TENNIS TEAM FROM THE UNITED STATES. At a loss over how to reciprocate, Glenn Cowan, clad in tie-dyed purple bell-



U.S. PLAYERS VISITING COMMUNE NEAR SHANGHAI
Carefully separated from the government.

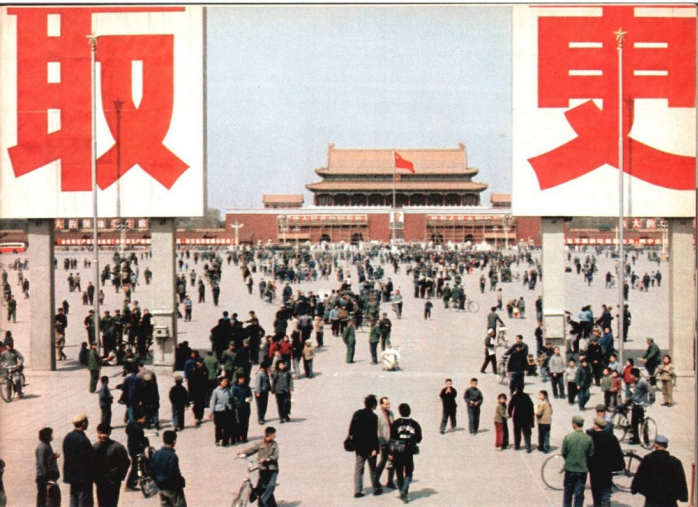
hide a dagger beneath their smile."

The first faint hint of what was to come occurred at the world table tennis championships in Nagoya, Japan, two weeks ago, when the Chinese popped a startling question: "Would the Americans accept an invitation to tour China for a week, all expenses paid?" The group's answer: Delighted.

The U.S. table tennis team comprised the world's most improbable—and most naive—group of diplomats. The group was led by Graham B. Steenhoven, 59, a bespectacled, graying Chrysler personnel supervisor who is president of the 3,000-member U.S. Table Tennis Association; Rufford Harrison, 40, a soft-spoken Du Pont chemist from Wilmington, Del.; Tim Boggan, a Long Island University assistant professor; Jack Howard, 36, an IBM programmer, and George Buben of Detroit, who took along his wife. The male players, besides

border from Hong Kong and took a green train to Canton. They journeyed into a disconcertingly strange world in which loudspeakers blared music and propaganda messages on every street corner and pictures of Mao appeared everywhere, even in the hotel rest rooms. Everywhere, too, it seemed, were friendly Chinese, smiling and waving. The other national teams, admitted at the same time, got nowhere near the same attention. Obviously, the Chinese saw the Americans in a political light.

At Canton's White Cloud Airport, the visitors boarded the single plane on the field, a Russian-built Ilyushin-18 and flew off to Peking, attended by a khaki-clad stewardess. When the Americans arrived, Peking was still gripped by winter. The capital's houses appeared bleak brown and gray. Taken to the Hsinchiao Hotel and served a sumptuous tray of cold Chinese hors d'oeuvres, the inexpe-



Chinese pedestrians stare at U.S. Player Errol Resek and Western newsmen (center) in Peking's Tienanmen Square.

American Ping Pong team practices with Chinese players in Peking's Capital Stadium last week.





Applauding Chinese stand behind sign proclaiming: "Welcome warmly the U.S. Ping Pong delegation."

Glenn Cowan visits Tsinghua University.

Mrs. Jairie Resek signs autograph.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERNARD WEBSTER—TORONTO GLOBE & MAIL



bottoms, broke into a sort of frug to the strains of a somewhat unfamiliar tune: *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman, Making Revolution Depends on Mao Tse-tung's Thought*.

As the Americans learned, table tennis has a ritual all its own in China. First, the two teams marched onto the floor and intertwined hands, then they marched off again. But where were the

tables? Suddenly, 50 or so Chinese men, women and children dressed in red jump suits danced onto the floor in time to music, carrying the tables and green barrier boards to stop stray Ping Pong balls. Two games were played at a time, and Cowan, who wore a red headband to keep back his hair, was an obvious favorite of the crowd. "We had the impression the Chinese were trying hard

not to embarrass us by lopsided scores," said Tim Boggan. They did not. The Chinese players won the men's games 5-3 and the women's 5-4. Afterward, the opponents exchanged gifts—matching pen and letter-opener sets for the Chinese, and "Double Happiness" table tennis paddles and balls for the Americans—and walked off hand in hand.

As it turned out, the table tennis

Two Eyewitnesses Behind the Bamboo Curtain

Two of the journalists who accompanied the U.S. table tennis team on their historic six-day trip to China last week were LIFE's Hong Kong Bureau Chief John Saar and LIFE Photographer Frank Fischbeck. Saar's full report will appear in next week's LIFE.

At first it was like being on another planet," said Saar after he returned to Hong Kong. "For at least two days, no one was quite sure what he was seeing, and then gradually things began to fall into place and we began to see a society and a nation that was very much unified and organized—with a level of overall poverty but absolutely no misery, no hunger. My impression was of a nation very much together, very strong and reliant not on police or enforced discipline but on genuine conviction. There are no beggars, no suffering visible."

"The people are adequately dressed in their blue denims," reported Saar. But there are signs of austerity. "Many of the jackets are very heavily patched, but there was no one in rags or destitute. The Chinese are obviously healthy. I didn't see many fat people. They're a very fit nation now, and most of them are glowing with health."

Saar was impressed by the self-confidence of the Chinese. "Here was an Asian nation that owed nothing to anybody, and in consequence one looked them in the eye and they looked you right back. They seemed very content within themselves, content with their lot and sure of themselves, knowing where they are going." He also found that the much-remarked honesty in Communist China is still there. "At one point, someone came down three floors to give Fischbeck a tiny coin worth perhaps a tenth of a cent—his change from a cup of coffee." Chinese life is beset by red tape. "After a taxi ride, a driver had to give me four separate coupons and fill in a form," said Saar. "Similarly, half an hour to check out of a hotel seemed about normal."

Saar found Peking "swept by harsh winds and with storms of dust swirling across Tiananmen Square." He was impressed by the Russian-Gothic buildings fronting the square, which seemed "built as if for a race of men 10 feet tall." Peking's immensely wide streets are "strangely silent" much of the time, with virtually no traffic except for trol-

ley buses towing trailers. "The streets," said Saar, "are polished every day by the passage of thousands and thousands of bicycles—the standard means of transportation. In the morning one heard the clopping hooves of horses bringing in produce from the communes, and the tinkling of a million bicycle bells." He discovered that the cities are startlingly clean. "The whole place has an incredible sense of non-waste. I didn't see a garbage can anywhere. It's as if they're making use of absolutely ev-

erything. Not only is there no littering of the street; there's none of the usual clutter that builds up in a city. It's all being disposed of, put into its place and put to work."



KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN IN PEKING

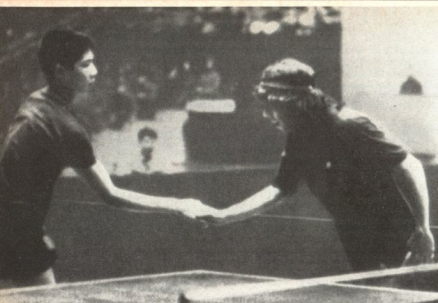
everything. Not only is there no littering of the street; there's none of the usual clutter that builds up in a city. It's all being disposed of, put into its place and put to work."

The American visitors learned that one of the current popular campaigns in China is emulation of Mao's long march, and columns of children set off into the countryside in the mornings. "Also part of the scene," says Saar, "is the sound of whistles and the shouting of time in the old German army style, as great masses of children of all ages drill outside." He got the feeling of "a population marshaled by a military system but not overtly for military purposes." Among the hundreds of army men he saw, very few carried rifles, and the drilling children did not wear uniforms. "This might be a false impression, since what I've described is confined to the cities," Saar cautioned.

interpreters with us said, 'We hope more people are coming.' They didn't seem to know quite what was happening or whether more people would be coming to China. We assured them that there would be more."

Fischbeck agrees with the group's general view that Chou En-lai was "smooth, very handsome and quite witty." Speaking through an interpreter, Chou told the Americans at one point: "Now criticize our country." But no one would. Then Chou said: "Well, I can criticize. Those photographers over there wouldn't even let me through. I had to get somebody to push them out of the way." Everyone laughed.

Fischbeck thinks that one central message the Chinese were putting across in their hospitality to the U.S. team was: The peoples of the world are welcome in China. All in all, he says, "it was a big, smiling campaign through a vast country at very high speed."



U.S. PLAYER GLENN COWAN SHAKES HANDS WITH CHINESE OPPONENT
Dancing the Peking frog.

match was not the main event at all, but only the warm-up for the real purpose of the visit: the meeting with Chou En-lai next day in the huge, red-carpeted reception room of the Great Hall of the People. The day started out with a visit to the Summer Palace, the 19th century pleasure pavilion of the Manchu Emperors, and a tour of the Great Hall itself, which, one of the group remarked, resembles New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Instant Tailors

Finally, the group was ushered into the reception room and seated in a circle at little desks to await the Premier's entry. After his formal greeting—and his announcement of a "new page" in Sino-American relations—Chou, for an unexpected 14 hours, became the jovial host. He offered an old Chinese saying: "What joy it is to bring friends from afar." He added: "In the past, a lot of American friends have been in China. You have made a start here in bringing more friends." Did that mean that Peking would now admit American newsmen? Yes, replied Chou, "but they can't all come at once. They will have to come in batches."

Then Cowan piped up. What did the Premier of China think of the U.S. hippie movement? Replied Chou, the one-time revolutionist: "Perhaps youth is dissatisfied with the present situation. Youth wants to seek out the truth, and out of this search various forms of change are bound to come forth. Thus this is a kind of transitional period."

On their last evening in the capital, the group was treated to an opera symbolizing the triumph of Communism over capitalism, *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*. The next day was clear, fortunately for their schedule, since China's civil aircraft fly only in fair weather. The group enplaned for Shanghai. There the team played another exhibition match, dined on smoked duck

and rice wine—a change from the ubiquitous, brightly colored orange "juice"—and became dedicated tourists. They were shown a commune and an industrial exhibit. Again there was a shopping tour, and when Steenhoven casually remarked to his hosts that he would like to take a Chinese-style dress home to his wife but had no time to buy anything, the Chinese more than obliged. "They came to my room at 7:30 in the morning with eight bolts of material, two interpreters and two tailors, and a small girl," a model about the size of his wife. They made up the dresses on the spot, charged him \$60, and presented him with pictures of the tailors at work. Before they left Shanghai, there was yet another coruscopian banquet. Indonesia's Foreign Minister, Adam Malik, called the Chinese hospitality "noodle diplomacy."

On the 24-hr. flight from Shanghai to Canton, the Americans' plane ar-

rived late. Their Chinese hosts delayed the start of the next entertainment, a "revolutionary ballet." *The Red Detachment of Women*, celebrating the opening of the Canton export commodity fair this month. Afterward, the guests were given another huge ten-course banquet, starting at 11:30 p.m. Finally, at week's end, overfed, laden with gifts, but self-assured in their new celebrity role, the table tennis players crossed back over the short, steel-trussed bridge to Hong Kong, where they were met by a besieging crowd of newsmen.

Rampaging Red Guards

Probably the most important message that the Americans brought back was the one their hosts most wanted to get across in a subtle way: that China today is an ordered, ostensibly united, rational society, even if it is still light-years removed from being an open one. That is a major change from only a few years ago, when China was wracked by the convulsions of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of 1966-69.

At the time, Mao Tse-tung, concerned that China had lost its revolutionary fervor, decreed a purge of the party and state bureaucracy to re-radicalize the country. Among other measures, he ordered 110 million Chinese schoolchildren and university students from their classes to help carry it out.

Almost immediately, Mao's new revolution got out of hand. Vicious factional fighting erupted across the land. Youthful Red Guards attacked not only Mao's political enemy and the symbol of bureaucratic pragmatism, President Liu Shao-chi (reported last week to be alive but in prison), but Mao's most trusted aides as well. Red Guard posters in Peking urged: BURN CHOU EN-LAI TO DEATH! But in the provinces, conservative workers and peasants turned on the rampaging Red Guards and in some cases ripped off their noses, fingers,

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1 oz. Cream

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GALLIANO MIST

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HARVEY WALLBANGER

Fill tall glass with ice cubes
Fill ¾ full with orange juice
Add 1 oz. Vodka. Stir
Float ½ oz. Liqueur Galliano on top.

GALLIANO DAIQUIRI

¾ oz. Liqueur Galliano
¾ oz. Light Rum
Juice of ½ Lime
1 Teaspoon Powdered Sugar

Add one cup crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds.

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The 450



tongues and ears before murdering them.

For two years, the outside world looked on in horror, and China's diplomatic and trade activity abroad came almost to a halt as its ambassadors were recalled and sent to do manual labor in "thought reform" camps to purge them of their "capitalist tendencies." Finally, Mao became alarmed at the forces he had unleashed and called in the army to restore control. In a "big cleanup," there were mass arrests, public trials and executions of "factionalists, reactionaries, anarchists, saboteurs and opportunists." Open fighting persisted in the provinces until 1969, and political strife continued as radical Red Guard factions fought for control of provincial revolutionary committees.

One major factor that jolted Peking back to reality was Russia's invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, and the fear that the Brezhnev Doctrine—that the Soviet Union has the right to intervene in any socialist state deviating from its brand of Communism—might be applied to China. War hysteria swept the country after border fighting broke out with the Soviets at the Ussuri River and in Sinkiang in 1969.

After the Revolution

The political turn-around was formalized on the national level in the spring of 1969 at the Ninth Party Congress. Almost half of the Central Committee seats and more than half of the Politburo seats were taken by army men. Mao's wife Chiang Ching and her radical leftist allies were heavily outnumbered. Subsequently, at least three of the more radical Politburo members were also shunted aside. In the provinces, where the party is still being rebuilt, army men joined forces with old party cadres to squeeze out the young radicals. The result: 15 of 19 first secretaries of existing provincial Communist Party committees are army commanders or army political commissars, including those in the strategically important cities of Nanking, Wuhan, Tsinan and Mukden.

While China's propaganda machine worked to turn Mao into a living deity, the nation returned to work. Millions of Red Guards were sent to labor in remote areas where they could make less trouble. Agriculture was given priority, and thousands of small fertilizer plants, repair shops and power stations were built in the countryside. The result was a significant upsurge in the 1970 grain harvest, claimed to be 240 million tons, as well as in industrial output, which Peking claims amounts to \$90 billion. Some analysts guess that China's economic growth rate reached 10% last year, and all are agreed that the economy has now fully recovered from the ravages of the Cultural Revolution and that the average Chinese citizen's standard of living is marginally improved.

China today is in the hands of a coalition of military men and relatively

moderate administrators led by Chou En-lai. While the army deals with the giant task of repairing the domestic fabric, Chou runs the central government and foreign policy, free for the first time in years from internal politics and the supercharged atmosphere of Maoist hysteria. No outsider knows Mao's personal role, but Western analysts generally assume that he is probably overseeing the army's domestic reorganization program and that his trust in Chou is almost total. At any rate, both the army and Mao seem willing to give the suave patrician a free hand in the game at which he is an acknowledged master: diplomacy.

Chou En-lai is the guiding influence behind China's re-entry into the world

tered on Africa. The Chinese have started work on the \$400 million Tanzania-Zambia railroad, which is the largest aid project anywhere in the world. Fully 13,000 Chinese workers will be in Tanzania by summer. These days one of the swingiest places in the Mauritanian capital of Nouakchott is the Chinese cultural mission, which features French movies instead of propaganda films. In Zanzibar, where there are 400 Chinese in the aid mission, the latest building project is a rum distillery. Even imperial Ethiopia has established diplomatic relations with China.

Peking's tactical shift from warring to wooing in Africa has dismayed local revolutionaries. "They are becoming quite reactionary," complains a freedom

G. SIPARIKLO-LIAISON



PEKING'S NATIONAL OPERA CHOIR BENEATH MAO'S GAZE

And an experiment in noodle diplomacy.

scene. Unlike most other Chinese Communist leaders, Chou is sophisticated and widely traveled. He comes from a family of feudal gentry, was raised in Shanghai, had studied in Tokyo, Kyoto, Tientsin and Paris, and speaks French, fair English and some German. As Premier (since 1949) and Foreign Minister (from 1949 to 1958), he visited at least 29 different countries and maintained a constant dialogue with high-level foreign visitors to Peking. With a personality far more cosmopolitan than Mao's, Chou won the grudging admiration of most professional diplomats who met him.

Under Chou's direction, China once more turned outward. Ambassadors returned to Chinese embassies. The style of Chinese diplomacy changed from its earlier emphasis on furtive subversion to an open attempt to hew more closely to the norms of conventional diplomacy and state-to-state relations. Much of the new emphasis has cen-

tered in Tanzania. But Peking's new policies have paid off in other ways. Since the Ninth Party Congress, eight countries, including Canada and Italy, have recognized China, and at least two others are on the verge of following suit.

Presidential Signals

The U.S. was also caught up in a time of rapidly changing attitudes. Washington's policies toward China had hardened almost as soon as the Communists took over that country in 1949. The enmity was only heightened by China's intervention in the Korean War. Congressional leaders—particularly Republicans—constructed a policy of containment through generous military and economic aid to Chiang Kai-shek's anti-Communist regime and security commitments to shield Taiwan and its satellite islands from mainland control. In the 1950s, election campaigns were fought on a lingering charge that the

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WOMEN GREETING U.S. TEAM AT PEKING'S TSINGHUA UNIVERSITY
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Democrats had "sold out" China to the Communists.

The U.S. blocked Peking's entry to the United Nations, refused entirely to trade with the mainland, and held to the myth that the Nationalist regime in Taiwan was the legitimate government of all China. John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson both wanted to bring U.S. policy more into line with reality. Kennedy's initiatives were stilled in Dallas ("We were just about to do then what was done this week," says a State Department official who served under J.F.K.), and Johnson's attempts were stalled by the Viet Nam War.

Advocates of Change

Wall Street Lawyer Richard Nixon, after a trip to Asia in 1966 for his client Pepsi-Cola, put down some perceptive thoughts in *Foreign Affairs* that he was later to elaborate in the 1968 campaign. "Taking the long view," declared Nixon, "we simply cannot afford to leave China forever outside the family of nations, there to nurture its fantasies, cherish its hates, and threaten its neighbors. There is no place on this small planet for a billion of its potentially most able people to live in angry isolation."

Only 15 days after taking office, Nixon ordered a major review of U.S. policy toward China. Among the most persuasive advocates of change was Assistant Secretary of State Marshall Green. Green's conviction that a new approach on China was needed matured during his experience as consul-general in Hong Kong from 1961 to 1963, and later during a tour as Ambassador to Indonesia. Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger also played a major role. He was unhappy over the fact that the

U.S., through its lack of contact with Peking, seemed by default to side with Moscow in the Sino-Soviet dispute. Nixon and he agreed that the U.S. was not the prime adversary of either China or Russia, but that each was the other's worst foe. In that situation, they saw a possibility for maneuver. In measured moves, Nixon began relaxing Washington's rigid policy toward China.

The first steps came in midsummer of 1969 when U.S. tourists were allowed to bring \$100 worth of Chinese-made goods into the U.S. At the same time, Nixon lifted the travel ban to allow Americans with a legitimate reason to visit China. The seal on the new policy was set in late summer during Nixon's visit to Rumania, where he declared that the U.S. would deal with Communist countries on the basis of their foreign policy and not their internal politics. Since the statement was delivered in a capital friendly to Peking, it was an unmistakable presidential overture to China. By the end of the year, the \$100 limit on imports had been removed, and the Administration had announced permission for foreign subsidiaries of U.S. firms to deal in non-strategic goods with the mainland.

Further moves came in 1970, when the Government authorized the selective licensing of goods for export to China and allowed U.S. oil companies to bunker China-bound foreign-owned ships carrying foreign-produced oil. Nixon also took advantage of the friendly

presence of Rumania's President Nicolae Ceausescu at a state dinner in Washington last October to refer to the mainland regime by its official name: the People's Republic of China.

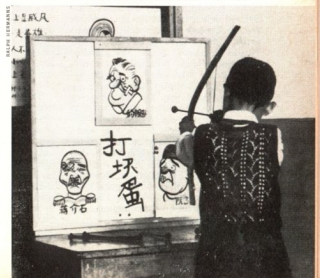
Probably the President's most important signal, however, was sent from Guam, where he enunciated the Nixon Doctrine of gradual U.S. military disengagement from the mainland of Asia. He followed up his words by beginning withdrawals from South Viet Nam, scaling down the U.S. presence in South Korea, and ordering an end to the Seventh Fleet's patrols in the Taiwan Strait. In his 1970 "State of the World" report, Nixon referred to the Chinese as "a great and vital people who should not remain isolated."

Devil's Role

As a Republican with strong anti-Communist credentials, Nixon could afford such moves without undue fear of suffering domestic political damage. But the President's overtures seemed to be having no effect. The elimination of passport restrictions, for example, remained meaningless, since the Chinese refused to grant visas except to a few old friends like Author-Journalist Edgar Snow. "China continues in its determination to cast us in the devil's role," complained Nixon. "Our modest efforts to prove otherwise have not reduced Peking's doctrinaire enmity toward us."

Last month, as Nixon presided over a meeting of the National Security Council that reviewed the U.S. China policy, three thick tomes lay on the table. "I've read all three papers, gentlemen," he said. "And I hope you have too." The three volumes were the outcome of the review undertaken by Kissinger's staff; they dealt with diplomatic recognition, the U.N. representation issue, and trade and travel. The President took no immediate action on the problems in the first two categories, but he did act on about half the options offered in the paper on trade and travel. (Still open are the options to allow American-owned flag carriers to call at Chinese ports and to open air travel to China for American

CHINESE BOY SHOOTING ARROW AT L.B.J.



airlines.) Thus, he was able to move swiftly last week when the Chinese gave him a reason to make new concessions. In fact, the speed of the U.S. response drew admiring cheers from diplomats and academics.

For the U.S., the situation presents three major issues:

CHINA AND VIET NAM. What would better U.S. relations mean to the Indochina war? One version holds that they will be a great help. That theory rests on the supposition that when Chou visited Hanoi during the South Vietnamese incursions into Laos, he found that the North Vietnamese were taking a bad beating and could no longer sustain a major war effort. Therefore, he concluded that the best course for China was to open up contacts with the U.S. so that Peking could help Washington

RUSSIAN REACTION. The Chinese have from ancient times followed the dictum: "Use barbarians to control barbarians." The Ming dynasty used the western Mongols to crush the eastern Mongols, and then the eastern Mongols to defeat the western Mongols. The chief recourse of 19th century China was to play off one imperialist against another, the Americans against the British, the British against the Russians, and more recently the League of Nations and the U.S. against Japan. Today, suggests Harvard Sinologist John K. Fairbank, confronted as they are on the northeast by the Russians and to seaward by the Americans and Japanese, the Chinese again have reason to apply a sophisticated version of the dictum.

How will Russia react to this situation? Washington hastened to reassure

Eastern Europe would be one indication of how the Soviets view their changed situation. Another could well be a more—or less—amenable stance on either of the Soviets' two major pressure points: Berlin and the Ussuri River border between Russia and China.

U.N. REPRESENTATION. The crusade, which the U.S. has led for the past 21 years, to keep China out of the U.N., has turned into an increasingly unrewarding exercise. Last year, for the first time, the Albanian resolution calling for the seating of Communist China and the expulsion of the Nationalist Chinese won a majority—51 to 49. But the count fell short of the two-thirds necessary to decide an "important question" under U.N. procedure. But this year, if a majority of the members vote against having the issue treated as an "important question," China, which has probably picked up a half-dozen or so new supporters, may be invited to join.

That likelihood poses an important question for Nixon. He has three main options: 1) to continue actively to oppose the Albanian resolution by twisting arms for negative votes; 2) passively to allow the present trend to take its course and accept the consequences of Nationalist China's expulsion; 3) to declare the U.S.'s willingness to have Peking seated as the mainland China representative with the Security Council chair—but only under the condition that the Nationalists should be allowed to remain in the U.N. as representative of one part of China.

The problem with this third, or "Two Chinas" option is that it infuriates both Chinas. The Nationalists refuse to cede their claim to be China's only legitimate representative while the Chinese Communists claim that Taiwan is a domestic question that should be solved by the Chinese. So far, that solution has been unsatisfactory to the U.S. since it envisions the overthrow of the Nationalist regime. Some U.S. Sinologists are hopeful, however, that the two Chinas might be able to work something out. As an admittedly limited precedent, they point to the arrangement whereby the Communists shell the Nationalist-held offshore islands of Matsu and Quemoy only every second day—and never on holidays. In recent diplomatic dealings, the Chinese have bent even farther; when Canada established relations with China last October, Peking demanded only that the Canadians "take note" of China's claim to Taiwan. Subsequently, when Kuwait recognized China early in 1971, the subject was not even raised in the joint communiqué.

Apart from these major international stratagems, there is a purely human and largely forgotten matter pending between the U.S. and China. Four U.S. prisoners are now being held in solitary confinement in Peking. Two of the men have been imprisoned since 1952. They are John T. Downey and Richard C. Fecteau, both "civilian employees of the Department of the Army," who,



U.S. TEAM LEAVING CHINA WITH GRAHAM STEENHOVEN IN LEAD

A sense of celebrity.

negotiate its way out of Viet Nam. This view is pushed in Saigon, and even some White House aides hope that this highly unlikely version is true.

The other version is just the opposite. It holds that only the South Vietnamese defeat in Laos made it possible for the Chinese to approach the Americans without seeming to betray their North Vietnamese allies. "We snatched diplomatic victory from the jaws of military defeat," jokes one U.S. official. According to this theory, the Chinese are now convinced that the U.S. is going to withdraw from South Viet Nam anyhow, and that in due course Hanoi will win its objectives in South Viet Nam. Thus the Chinese cannot be expected to place any pressure on the North Vietnamese to make them more tractable in the Paris peace negotiations. However, Peking may wish to have more influence in any Indochina settlement by having its own direct line of communication with Washington.

the Russians that its new dealings with China were not directed against Moscow. Yet most U.S. Sovietologists feel that the Russians are bound to be alarmed by the specter of its two main rivals finally talking together. Until now, the Russians have enjoyed a unique, pivotal position between China and the U.S., because of Peking and Washington's hostility toward each other. That assurance is no longer there, and now the Soviets must urgently reassess their own position.

The optimistic view in the West is that, in order to counteract Peking's new thaw, the Russians will also turn friendlier toward the West. The Eastern Europeans hope that increased Soviet preoccupation with China's designs will give them more room to maneuver at home. Yet, if the Soviets are substantially alarmed, they are likely to demand more, and not less loyalty and orthodoxy from their Warsaw Pact allies. The attitude of the Soviets toward

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according to the official Washington version, were lost on a flight from Korea to Japan; the Chinese say they were convicted of espionage. Downey drew a life sentence. Fecteau was sentenced to 20 years. The other two prisoners are American pilots who were engaged in the Viet Nam War. Major Philip E. Smith has been held since 1965, when his F-104 fighter-bomber came down on the island of Hainan. Navy Lieut. Robert J. Flynn has been imprisoned since 1967, when, on a bombing mission north of Hanoi, he went off course during a storm and came down in Quangsi province. No single gesture could warm Americans more quickly than the release of the prisoners.

Whatever the outcome of this or other emotional issues, even the most optimistic interpreters of China's move remain convinced that Peking's ultimate purpose remains the same: to reduce and if possible eliminate American influence in Asia—but not in such a way that the U.S. would simply be replaced by the Soviet Union. China remains ideologically and politically a formidable adversary. On all sides, warnings against excessive U.S. euphoria quickly followed the initial surprise and delight over Peking's move. The Chinese themselves cautioned against an overenthusiastic reaction. Even while the U.S. team was in China, the *Peking People's Daily* headlined: NIXON, DON'T LET YOUR HEAD GET TOO DIZZY! Nonetheless, the U.S., and the rest of the outside world as well, could not help but be encouraged that China had finally decided to turn outward again.

PAKISTAN

The Push Toward the Borders

Radio Pakistan announced last week that Pakistan International Airlines has resumed its internal flights between the East Pakistan capital of Dacca and the town of Jessore, formerly a stronghold of rebel resistance. The broadcast failed to note that the PIA prop jets were carrying only soldiers, and that they were escorted into Jessore airport by air force Sabre jets.

It was true, however, that the army had taken the offensive in Pakistan's savage civil war. In the early days of fighting, the troops had prudently preferred to remain in their garrison areas, for the most part, until additional men and supplies arrived. Last week they began to push toward the Indian border, hoping to secure the hardtop roads by the time the monsoon rains begin in late May. If they succeed, they will be able to block any sizable imports of arms and other equipment for the Bangla Desh (Bengal State) resistance fighters.

Naxalite Sympathizers. Despite the heavy cost of the operation (estimated at \$1.3 million per day) and widespread international criticism, the government of President Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan seems determined to press for a decisive victory. The U.S. and most other Western countries have thus far maintained a careful neutrality. Washington announced that it has furnished no arms to Pakistan since the fighting began March 25. Communist China, on the other hand, has strongly supported the

Pakistan government, while India, Pakistan's traditional adversary, has quietly sympathized with the rebels.

The Indians most deeply involved are the West Bengalis, who are kinsmen to the East Bengali insurgents. But West Bengali sympathy is tempered by a fear that a prolonged civil war in East Bengal will prove costly to themselves as well. For a generation, West Bengal has received a steady flow of refugees from across the border. Now the flow has greatly increased, with an added burden to the state's economy. Among West Bengalis, the most enthusiastic supporters of the East Pakistani cause are Calcutta's urban terrorists, the Maoist Naxalites. Some are said to have slipped across the border with homemade guns and bombs to help the rebels.

Strong Words. Officially, India has tried to maintain calm. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi declared earlier that India could hardly remain a "silent observer" to the carnage in East Pakistan. But last week, when asked if she would describe the fighting as an "imperial war," she replied sternly, "the use of strong words will not help."

From East Pakistan came reports that the destruction was continuing. Estimates of the number of dead ranged to 200,000 or more. In the port city of Chittagong, hundreds of bodies were dumped into the river to be carried away by the tide. Some observers reported a virtual pogrom against East Pakistan's educated leadership, raising the specter of a region reduced to peasant serfdom. Even the modern jute mills, owned by West Pakistani businessmen, were reported destroyed.

Provisional Government. There was also savagery on the Bengali side. Rebels were reported to be paying off old scores against non-Bengali Moslems who settled in East Pakistan after the 1947 partition of British India into India and Pakistan. At the town of Dinajpur, most male members of this group were killed and the women taken to makeshift internment camps.

Despite the continued absence of their political leader, Sheikh Mujibur ("Mujib") Rahman, who is thought to be in prison in West Pakistan, the rebels announced the formation of a Bangla Desh provisional government last week. They named Mujib President. One of his colleagues, Tajuddin Ahmad, who is at large in East Pakistan, became Prime Minister. As their provisional capital, the rebels prudently chose the town of Meherpur, which lies a mere four miles from the Indian border.

The Bangla Desh forces are critically short of gasoline and diesel fuel and lack the field-communication equipment necessary for organized military activity. They have avoided any full-scale engagements, in which they would undoubtedly sustain heavy losses. Some observers believe, in fact, that the long guerrilla phase of the civil war has already begun, with the army holding most of the towns and



EAST PAKISTAN BOMBING VICTIMS IN PEDICABS
A question of human arithmetic.

the rebels controlling much of the countryside. Despite the apparent determination of the Pakistan government to maintain its hold on East Bengal, the sheer human arithmetic of the situation seemed to indicate that the Bengalis would ultimately win freedom or at least some form of regional autonomy. At the present time, the East Bengalis outnumber the West Pakistani soldiers in their midst by about 1,000 to 1.

INDIA

Signs of Leveling Off

Population growth is a major concern in India. The population increased 21.6% during the 1950s and 24.6% during the '60s. Last week there were signs that the birth rate is leveling off at last. In announcing the results of the 1971 census, the Indian government noted with pride that the national population stood at just under 547 million, or about 14 million lower than the latest official projection. Since 1967, the government reported, family-planning programs have prevented an estimated 1.3 million births per year.

MIDDLE EAST

The Latest Gifts from Russia

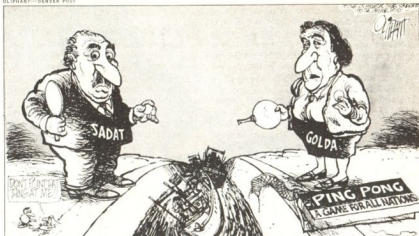
Egyptian President Anwar Sadat has had no luck in getting Israel to accept his proposals for settling the military impasse along the Suez Canal. He has, however, made progress in prompting Arab unity. Last week he signed an agreement of "confederation" with Syria's Lieut. General Hafez Assad and Libya's Muammar Gaddafi. Despite the optimistic tone of the announcement in Cairo's semi-official newspaper *Al-Ahram*, Sadat gave no indication of what form the new confederation would take, or when it might go into effect.

Sadat has also proved adept in winning sympathy for Egypt in world capitals, and even more skilled at another form of statecraft—shopping-list diplomacy. Ever since Sadat visited Moscow last month to discuss military resupply, a lot of sophisticated hardware has been arriving by sea and air from Russia. Among incoming weapons spotted so far are several of the Soviet Union's most advanced aircraft and missiles. Items:

MIG-23, code-named "Foxbat" by NATO, is the latest Russian interceptor. It can fly at Mach 3 (three times the speed of sound) and climb to 80,000 ft., 20,000 ft. higher than the operational ceiling of the U.S.-built F-4 Phantoms of the Israeli air force. This is the first time that the MIG-23, which is far too hot for Egyptian pilots to handle, has been sent outside the Soviet Union.

MIG-21, the standard first-line Soviet fighter, has been sent in to replace planes lost last year in the war of attrition over the Suez Canal. About 50 Egyptian-piloted MIG-21s were bagged by Israeli pilots. In addition, Israelis last July lured Soviet pilots into an ill-fated dog-

OLIPHANT—DENVER POST



"I DON'T KNOW—BUT I THINK SOMEBODY IS TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING."

fight over Suez in which four Russians were shot down. The Russians have more than replaced the loss in planes by shipping an estimated 150 additional MIG-21s to Egypt.

SU-11, a twin-jet all-weather interceptor known in NATO as "Flagon," is capable of Mach 2.5 speeds. Like the MIG-23s, these are the first advanced Sukhois allowed outside Russia.

SA-4, one of the most advanced ground-to-air missiles in the Russian arsenal, is a mobile version of the stationary SA-2s. Code-named "Ganef" by NATO, the SA-4s have tanklike tracks and can be swiftly shifted. They are being deployed as part of the defense umbrella near the Aswan Dam and at Nag Hamadi, 125 miles north of Aswan on the Nile. In addition, more SA-3s and SA-2s are being shipped to Egypt. Israeli military sources conjecture that with Egyptians manning missile defenses near Suez, the Russians may feel that more batteries are necessary to make up for the Egyptian lack of proficiency. "God knows where they're going to put them all," says an Israeli analyst.

P-15 radar systems, as sharp as U.S. radar, are also being deployed. Since their range is 400 miles, this will give Egypt an early warning system that has been lacking until now. Additional batteries of ZSU-23-4 radar-controlled anti-aircraft guns are also being deployed. They are capable of defending SA-3 sites with a 4,000-round-per-minute blanket of fire.

Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan last week described the Egyptian arms buildup as "a worsening of the situation and a matter of great gravity." So far, however, Israeli officials have shown no more alarm than that. One reason is that Israelis are trying to avoid depicting the arms arrival as an international crisis, for this would strengthen the U.S. argument that a peace-keeping force is necessary to maintain the Middle East standoff.

* Not to be confused with the Yiddish word for thief.

One Russian motive for the buildup appears to be a cynical self-interest that alarms observers on both sides in the Middle East. "There is no strategic meaning to it," one Westerner told TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott in Cairo last week. "The Spanish Civil War syndrome is taking over. The U.S. is testing its gismos on the Israeli side and the Russians are doing the same thing in Egypt." By that he meant a situation similar to Spain in 1936, where Germany, Italy and Russia perfected military equipment and tactics, including Luftwaffe dive-bombing, that were to be employed in World War II. The Russians have neither an opportunity nor a desire to test their new aircraft against U.S. flyers. But the Suez front provides a comparatively safe semi-combat theater where they work out flying tactics against the Israelis.

The overriding Soviet consideration, however, is to give Egypt complete military security from Israeli air attack. The new defenses are so modern and complete that no air strikes could be made without taking heavy losses.

HAITI

No Show

"Papa Doc vivie! Papa Doc vivie!" All day long the voodoo drummers in front of the National Palace in Port-au-Prince beat out the same incessant message: "Papa Doc lives! Papa Doc lives!" Peasants waving black-and-red Haitian flags poured into town on trucks of every vintage. Saucy Datsun minibuses scooted around the Caribbean capital picking up the faithful and depositing them at the palace gate.

For weeks, Haitians had been wondering whether ailing President for Life François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier would make his scheduled 64th birthday appearance on the palace balcony and prove to one and all that he was indeed alive and well. Last week the moment came: Papa Doc did not show. In his stead stood his bull-necked son, Jean-Claude, 19, whom the dictator named

as his successor earlier this year. Many of the 50,000 assembled Haitians, who were kept 70 yards from the palace, did not seem to realize that fact. As Jean-Claude saluted again and again, the crowds clapped and cheered: "Vive Papa Doc! Président à Vie."

Government officials continued to deny that Duvalier was near death. For years he has been plagued by diabetes and chronic heart trouble. A few months ago, Duvalier passed out in the midst of a private audience with a Western diplomat.

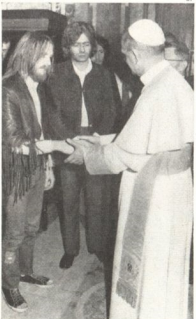
THE VATICAN

Rocking the Pope

"We are not in a position to appreciate your artistic forms," said Pope Paul discreetly. "Nor can we evaluate the aesthetic forms in which you express your personalities." Well, hardly. His audience of 60 youths included the British rock group Warm Dust and a few girls wearing hot pants beneath their maxicoats. What next? wondered Rome's right-wing daily *Il Tempo*. "We do not want to read one day that the Pope has received a group of strippers offering to give him a show of their professional ability," wrote the paper.

As if this were not enough, the Pope also came in for criticism from the musicians. "If you have the power to ban the contraceptive pill," demanded John Bedson, a shaggy drummer from Liverpool, "why don't you halt conscription? Why don't you order all Catholics not to take part in war? Why don't you abolish the Italian army?"

"It is not within our power," replied His startled Holiness.



POPE PAUL WITH ROCK MUSICIANS
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Europe: The Search for Solutions

While the U.S. and China are engaged in a sudden flurry of diplomatic initiatives, Europe is preoccupied with its own negotiations. Though the European talks lack the drama of Peking's gestures, their outcome will have a profound effect on the future shape of the Continent. One of the negotiations tests whether Western Europe can gather the necessary resolve to make the decision for the expansion of the Common Market. The other centers on the basic question of whether or not the Soviet Union is genuinely prepared to help bring about an accommodation in Central Europe, which in turn could ease the Continent's semipermanent division into hostile blocs.

Stalled Ostpolitik

When West German Chancellor Willy Brandt signed the Treaty of Moscow last August, he tied its ratification to a successful resolution of the problem of West Berlin, which depends on tenuous lifelines that stretch 110 miles through hostile East German territory. Last week, as the ambassadors of the Big Four completed their 18th meeting in Berlin, it was disappointingly clear that no solution was in sight.

Brandt had hoped that the Soviets were so eager for West German trade and technology that they would be willing to guarantee the economic viability of the city and improve the lot of West Berliners by safeguarding the access routes between West Berlin and West Germany. Otherwise, Western firms will leave, and their exodus would cause an economic and psychological crisis in the isolated city.

Brandt's reasoning was buttressed by the Soviets themselves, who gave private assurances that they were prepared to be reasonable. But last December's consumer riots in Poland seem to have made them less flexible. East Germany's Walter Ulbricht, who at 77 is the self-proclaimed dean of Soviet-style Communism, warned Moscow that accommodation with the West over Berlin without diplomatic recognition of East Germany would undermine his position, and that what happened in Poland could be repeated in East Germany.

Some Western diplomats still insist that a West Berlin accord will be reached—some day. But the fact is that the Soviets and the West are at present so far apart that no agreement can be hoped for within the foreseeable future unless one side or the other drastically alters its stand. After last week's session ended, TIME's Bonn Bureau Chief Benjamin Cate managed to obtain a picture of the Western and Soviet positions. The major issues:

ACCESS. West Berlin is linked to its markets in West Germany by three autobahn routes, four rail lines and four waterways. The Allied powers insist that the Soviet Union must ensure the right of free passage between West Germany and West Berlin. The Western powers, for example, have proposed sealed trains that would roll untouched through East Germany. The Soviets refuse. They maintain that since the routes pass through the German Democratic Republic,

it is up to the West Germans and West Berliners to negotiate with the East Germans. Such an agreement would mean that the West recognizes East German sovereignty over land access routes to West Berlin, which the West refuses to do without a Soviet guarantee of a free flow of traffic. Without such assurances, East Germany would have complete veto rights over the traffic.

VISITING RIGHTS. Of West Berlin's 2,100,000 citizens, 500,000 have relatives among East Berlin's 1,100,000 residents. Although West Germans have almost free access to the Communist sector of the divided former capital, West Berliners are not allowed to pass through the Wall except in emergencies. The Allies claim this is unfair discrimination. Moscow's position is that West Berlin's senate should enter into direct negotiations with East Germany.

WEST GERMAN PRESENCE IN WEST BERLIN. West Berlin could not maintain a decent standard of living without Bonn's assistance, which includes a direct annual subsidy of \$500 million. As an-

other means of economic support, the West German government maintains 85 offices in the city, which employ 20,000 workers. Bundestag committees frequently meet there, as do caucuses of political parties. All that bothers the Soviets, who regard West Berlin as a separate political entity on East German soil. They do not object to West Berlin's cultural, economic and monetary ties to Bonn, but they insist that no West German political activity should take place in the city. The Western powers concede that West Berlin is not part of West Germany. After consulting with Brandt, the Allies have proposed reducing the federal presence in West Berlin by eliminating so-called "constitutional acts" by West German political officials. This has intentionally been left vague for bargaining purposes.

REPRESENTATION ABROAD. Presently, West Berliners carry West German passports and special West Berlin identity cards, but the city's trade contacts are handled by Bonn's embassies and consulates. The Soviet position reflects the view that West Berlin is "the third Germany." Consequently, Moscow insists that it should be allowed to establish a consulate general there, and implies that West Berlin should issue passports.

The impasse on West Berlin reduced the hopes for a relaxation of tensions in Central Europe. It also acts as a barrier to convening the Soviet-sponsored Conference on European Security that Moscow would like to hold as a means of gaining full Western acceptance of Eastern Europe's present borders, which



EASTER TRAFFIC AT CHECKPOINT HEINRICH HEINE STRASSE
A third Germany?

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THE WINDSOR GUARDSMAN

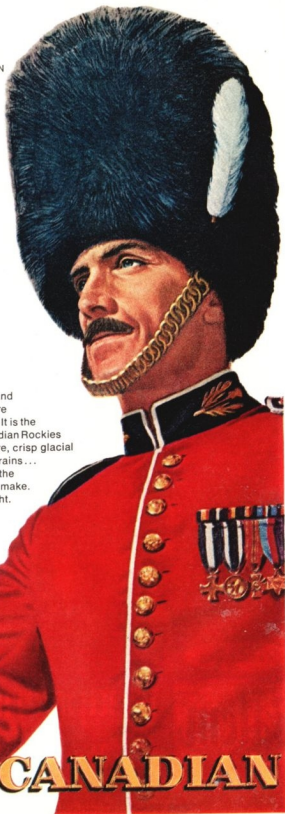


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what gives Salem a taste as fresh
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were redrawn by the victorious Soviet army during World War II. The Western nations refuse to attend until there is a solution to West Berlin. Despite mounting frustration, neither side has shown any inclination to break off the talks.

The Berlin stalemate is a serious setback for Willy Brandt and his bold *Ostpolitik*, which aims at overcoming Europe's division by accepting present political realities. Unless the Soviets soften their attitude on Berlin soon, internal political pressures may prevent the Chancellor from gaining ratification of the treaties he signed last year with Warsaw and Moscow. Indeed, he may not even dare submit them to the Bundestag for approval. Should that happen, Brandt's hopeful initiatives for peaceful relations with his Communist neighbors would only have made matters worse. The Soviets have made it clear that Bonn's failure to accept the Brandt treaties would chill the political climate of Central Europe.

Showdown Ahead

A growing sense of crisis surrounds Britain's latest attempt to gain entry into the thriving six-nation European Economic Community. Twice in the past ten years Britain's application has been rejected. This time there is a widespread conviction throughout Europe that a third failure would be the last. No one believes this more firmly than British Prime Minister Edward Heath, who led Britain's first unsuccessful attempt in the 1961-63 Brussels negotiations. "If we miss this opportunity, it will not be there for us to pick up in a year or two," Heath tells audiences.

Heath's worry is partly one of timing. After several preliminary sessions, the crucial negotiations for British entry are now scheduled for mid-May in Brussels. If the six Market members (Belgium, France, Italy, Luxembourg, The Netherlands and West Germany) do not agree in principle to British admission by July, Heath, who must face his party conference in October, is certain to run into a severe backlash in Britain. The Prime Minister and his Conservative Party remain committed to seeking EEC membership, but the British public is less enthusiastic. Food prices would rise 26% after entry, pushing up the cost of living an estimated 4% to 5%. Many Britons also resent the EEC's implied surrender of sovereignty. Public-opinion samplings indicate that 66% of those questioned oppose British entry, and 82% believe that the issue should be submitted to the voters as a referendum.

Common Currency. The consequences of failure would be severe. If Britain does not join the Common Market, the old dreams of a politically and economically united Western Europe, which were so long blocked by Charles de Gaulle, would once again be stymied. Europe would show that it lacks the will and ability to work to achieve the degree of political cohesion that it needs

to counterbalance the Soviet Union, the U.S. and China. By contrast, British entry would open the way to the Common Market's growth and development. Since Britain is the major force in the eight-nation European Free Trade Association,⁸ it could lead EFTA members into the EEC, possibly transforming the Common Market into the world's largest free-trading area, whose gross national product would be second only to the U.S.'s. The expanded EEC could then proceed toward the goal of establishing a common currency for all Western Europe by 1980. That development would nudge the bigger community toward substantial political unity, since monetary policy would be de-

suspicion that the French once more are seeking to find an issue on which to block British admission, as they have done twice before.

French Fears. This time a key issue is sterling. The French fear that the EEC treasury will be saddled with Britain's financial obligations. Like the U.S. dollar, sterling is a reserve currency and is subject to hot-money "runs" that could undermine its strength. Other countries and investors hold \$10.25 billion in British currency and treasury securities, but Britain's own gold and currency reserves are only one-third of that amount. As a result, the French want assurances that their money will not be used to cover British debts if foreign investors should suddenly start to exchange sterling for other currencies.

Another issue is Britain's offer to pay only 3% of the EEC's annual \$4 billion budget the first year of membership (1973) and 15% after five years. The figures are so low that Pompidou dismissed them as an example of the British sense of humor. Common consensus, even among Britain's champions, is that London must at least double its initial ante.

Britain is under pressure from Commonwealth countries to help them gain at least a measure of access to the EEC's highly protectionist trading area for agricultural products. Last week New Zealand's Prime Minister, Sir Keith Holyoake, flew to London to begin a tour of three capitals, reminding Europe that Britain's joining the EEC without safeguarding the economic interests of the Commonwealth would mean "disaster" for New Zealand. Though France is opposed to Britain's trade preferences for Commonwealth countries, concessions for New Zealand butter and sugar from former Caribbean and Pacific possessions can probably be successfully negotiated.

The Common Market, of course, thrives on crises. Almost every breakthrough has been preceded by dire warnings of the EEC's impending doom and all-night bargaining sessions that finally produced the necessary compromise. Even now, cautious optimism is detectable on both sides. French Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann said casually: "There are really no serious problems with Britain's joining. We want Britain, and all we ask is that . . . she become a club member within the rules." Geoffrey Rippon, Britain's chief negotiator, struck a still cozier metaphor. "Reasonable men, given enough coffee and cognac," he observed, "can quickly see whether they can reach agreement." But all the signs are that it will take a lot of cognac to float Britain into the select club of Europe.



"... AND ANOTHER THING, WE'RE CHANGING OVER TO SPEAKING FRENCH—TO PERSUADE THE FRENCH WE'RE EUROPEAN ENOUGH FOR THE COMMON MARKET!"

cided largely by Common Market headquarters at Brussels and not by individual governments.

European leaders are aware of the enormous size of the stakes—and of the danger that the negotiations will founder on petty details. West German Chancellor Willy Brandt has assured Heath that he will press for a speedy decision. French President Georges Pompidou recently intimated that he will confer directly with Heath if the negotiators are unable to cut their way through the maze of issues. Pompidou has said that he favors British admission, but there is some

⁸ The members: Austria, Denmark, Iceland, Norway, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland, United Kingdom.

PEOPLE

Anyone would think Canada's Prime Minister **Pierre Elliott Trudeau**, 51, was a male chauvinist or something, to listen to **Helen Gurley Brown**, 49. Asked on a Canadian television show what she thought of Trudeau's recent marriage to 22-year-old Margaret Sinclair, the sexpert editor (*Cosmopolitan*) and author (*Sex and the Single Girl*, etc.) used the unminced word "outrageous." Said Mrs. Brown: "What I think your Prime Minister has done is set back the cause of a certain kind of equality for a long, long time. I think the idea that you must go and pick someone nubile who is 29 years younger than you is not any example to set for the rest of the men in the world."

Back in his Harlem pulpit for the first time in four months, the Rev. **Adam Clayton Powell**, 62, told the 2,500 faithful in his Easter congregation that he was retiring. It might have been more of a shock—Powell has been pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church since 1937—but the ex-Congressman's stock has fallen nearly as low in the church as it has in politics. Not long ago, for example, he tossed his wallet onto the Communion table and offered to bet \$1,000 that nobody in the congregation could prove to him that it was wrong to drink whisky or sleep with women (no takers). Powell's consistent absenteeism in favor of relaxing at his Bahamian home in Bimini also cushioned the blow. Said one church member last week: "You don't miss what you're not getting."

The Seventh Avenue assassins who work for *Women's Wear Daily* don't care whom they cut up with their sharp



MARGARET & PIERRE
Pilloried.

pinking shears—even America's First Fiancée, **Tricia Nixon**. After her picture appeared showing her, sweet and sailor-hatted, with her intended, Edward Cox, *WWD's* men named Tricia (who is 25) "one of the best-dressed children in America." Then they went on to nominate her for the 1971 Goody Two-Shoes Award. "She dresses as children should," they snickered on. "She's definitely one of the best-dressed subteens in the country. Will Fiancé Cox change Tricia's fashion image? The children's wear industry hopes not."

"I find that I like cold countries now," said Newscaster **Lowell Thomas** last week as he celebrated his 79th birthday. "The heat takes it out of you." The heat isn't all that does it. At Miami's Crandon Park Zoo, where he was visiting Mohan, a 1,500-lb. rhinoceros that he had helped to capture, Thomas turned to talk to the keeper while feeding his rhino friend some greens. Mohan munched the greens and went right on munching until he was lurching on Thomas' trousers. "I was lucky," said Lowell. "If he had got hold of me a little more firmly . . ."

Is there anything more to be said about **Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis**? The surprising answer is yes, and the proof is the latest Jackie-book, *Jacqueline Kennedy, The White House Years*, by Mary Van Rensselaer Thayer, a veteran writer and Jackie's longtime friend, is filled with verbatim memorandums that document Jacqueline's passionate perfectionism and attention to detail. She constantly bombarded the White House chief usher, J. Bernard West, with memos about mi-

nutiae. ("Also in the Blue Room make sure the braid on curtains is turned in as if braid faces out it gets sunburned . . . We need cigarette boxes—something to replace ones with flying fish and dollar bills on them.") Jacqueline designed a dream house in Virginia, but President Kennedy did not like it much and spent only four weekends there. Last week the estate on Rattlesnake Ridge was on the market again. Asking price: \$350,000, \$125,000 more than the present owner, a Chinese-born investment adviser, paid for it in 1964.

History's most famous diet—Worms—is having its 450th anniversary this week, and Roman Catholics in that town on the Rhine have appealed to **Pope Paul VI** to say a good word for **Martin Luther**, whose refusal to recant there precipitated the Protestant Reformation. Referring to the Pope's acknowledgment that the Roman Church was partly responsible for the Protestant-Catholic split, the six Worms laymen and clergymen who signed the appeal called for a papal statement "bringing *détente* in the ever-present tensions regarding the excommunication of Martin Luther."

The Curt of Curtwel Enterprises is now separated from the Wel. Patrick Curtis has left **Raquel Welch**, Patrick, who has a distinctive acting record of his own (he played **Olivia de Havilland's** baby in *Gone With the Wind*), discerned Raquel's talents when she was a nothing and hard-sold her into a Something. Said Raquel to an interviewer: "Ho-ho, I say to him, 'You look like a real nasty Svengali. Aren't I glad you pulled me out of the gutter when I was just lying there with no teeth and flat as a board?'"

EDDIE & TRICIA



RAQUEL & PATRICK





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The \$35,000 Volkswagen.

Have we gone stark raving mad?

No, but when we heard this car was on display at the Los Angeles International Auto Show, we thought somebody had.

As it turned out, there was a method to the owner's madness.

Why not transform the world's best known economy car into the world's most economical limousine?

After all, a lot of the things that make great luxury cars great are already there in the humble little Bug:

Like 23 years of perfecting every single part of the car.

And subjecting it to 16,000 different inspections before we sell it to you.

And having it worth lots of money to you when you sell it to someone else.

So why not stretch it out to limo length?

Why not add an intercom, bar and mahogany woodwork and tufted English upholstery and a carriage lamp to signal the doorman?

Why not be the savingest millionaire on the road?

That, children, is exactly how the rich get richer.



BEHAVIOR

Toys for the Handicapped

When children walk on it, the orange carpet whines, wheezes, pipes and trills. When they shout, snap their fingers or stamp their feet, the multihued kaleidoscopic pattern projected on the wall changes its shape and color. The carpet and kaleidoscope are only two of 112 remarkable toys included in an audience-participation show that is about to tour England after drawing an enthusiastic response from handicapped children in London. The unique exhibition was organized by Roger Haydon, an industrial designer, and Jim Sandhu, a medically trained lecturer on problems of the handicapped. It was designed to demonstrate how blind, autistic, crippled and retarded children can be helped to cope with their biggest problem: isolation from an environment that they find frustrating and frightening. Abnormal children, Sandhu explains, "seldom know what it means to fall off, climb into, squeeze through." Thus they find it difficult to "build up images of the world through their senses."

To remedy the situation, Haydon and Sandhu propose the use of toys to lure handicapped children into more normal activity. The "talking" carpet helps blind children to turn outside themselves for stimulation. So does the "buzz bubble," a plastic dome covered with electrodes that produce, on touch, sounds ranging from a low hum to a high whistle. The blind are also psychologically stimulated by the "tactile board," actually a big box with 35 compartments behind sliding doors that are finished in textured materials—sticks, beads, sandpaper, glass and felt. Tucking things away in the cubbyholes, blind children experience the thrill of finding them again by remembering the feel of each hiding place.

For the autistic or nontalking child, the kaleidoscope—linked to a sound-sensitive electronic circuit—is just as much fun; the changing patterns encourage him to make noises so that he can watch the visual effects his sounds pro-

duce. With the retarded, another favorite—because it makes no motion that the children would consider threatening—is a sealed transparent tube holding two Ping Pong balls that float in slow motion from end to end, their movement held to a reassuring snail's pace by the resistance of the trapped air.

Even the totally paralyzed are enjoying the toy show. They are particularly enchanted by the "trammock," a basket-shaped, rubber-rimmed combination playpen and hammock that is suspended from the ceiling. Seated inside it, immobile children can be swung round and round or bounced up and down, giving them, says Sandhu, "the miraculous feeling of movement in space."

The most popular toys are the inflatables: an 8-foot-long sausage and a 10-foot-square air mattress that looks like an upside-down wading pool. They were designed by Haydon and Sandhu themselves, and are described by Sandhu as "therapeutically liberating" because they are "friendly, motherly, soft and safe" even while challenging the severely handicapped "to feel they can be mobile." One paralyzed six-year-old who has been using the inflatables for two years at the Maze Hill Junior Training Center near London has taught himself to walk 100 feet unaided by practicing with the sausage, which he straddled and used to pull himself along. The toys also appeal to healthy youngsters, who enjoy sharing their play with the handicapped.

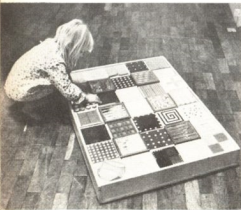
An Alternative to Suicide?

A healthy man who wants to kill himself and a sick one who wants to live but is doomed for lack of a vital organ appear to have little in common. But Psychiatrist Paul H. Blachly of the University of Oregon Medical School believes that they have something to offer each other. He advocates a "symbiotic juxtaposition" of the two—bringing them together so that the potential suicide can gain a new outlook on life by donating either blood or an organ to the person who needs it to live.

Writing in the current issue of *Life-Threatening Behavior*, the new official journal of the American Association of Suicidology,* Psychiatrist Blachly suggests that the suicidal person who wants to destroy his whole body may find an alternative in sacrificing just part of it. When Eisenhower was suffering repeated heart attacks, Blachly recalls, at least 20 people offered him their hearts; such offers frequently come from people who are looking for a way to die. But that death wish might be purged, he reasons, if the donor gives an organ that is not essential to his own life. People who donate a kidney, Blachly notes, often experience "a sustained feeling of satisfaction and of being noble," and their personal relationships frequently become more satisfying.

Non-Fatal Sacrifices. Even more important in Blachly's thinking is the fact that suicides decrease in wartime and other periods demanding personal sacrifice; then, he says, "the intensity of egoism and anomie is diminished as the individual participates in a common social goal." To put his theory into practice, Blachly proposes an alliance between organ-transplant centers and some of the many suicide-prevention services that are now in existence. The services, which usually offer psychiatric help to callers, would refer appropriate cases to transplant centers as possible donors. The customary two- or three-month waiting period before surgery would give psychiatrists time to study the would-be donor's motives and his chances of benefiting from giving an organ. The result, Blachly says, might well be an enhanced "sense of dignity and self-determination" on the part of the donor that would let him "rejoin the human race on his own terms." In ancient days, kings, favorite sons, daughters, wives or slaves were often slain in sacrificial rites as a means of atonement and because, as Psychoanalyst Roger Money-Kyrle once wrote, "the gift of life places one with the gods." Blachly believes that non-fatal sacrifices might have the same expiatory effect.

* A jargonistic term for the study of suicidal behavior.



BLIND CHILD USING "TACTILE BOARD"



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houses of almost every description to meet almost every budget. Single-family homes. Town houses. Garden apartments.

A community like this might be only minutes by car from the city where you work.

All of which explains why these communities are coming to life all over the country. Our picture shows one under construction in Atlanta.

Many of the homes in these

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You'll find textured wood sidings that need little care.

You'll find long-lasting wood shingles and shakes that resist hurricane winds and insulate better than any other material.

You'll see wood windows that are warm in winter, cool in



Photo: Martin's Landing, Atlanta, Georgia

summer and prevent water from condensing and dripping on sills, drapes and walls.

You'll find comfortable hardwood floors that'll easily give over 50 years of wear.

You'll discover interiors enriched with decorative mouldings and wood-paneled walls that are easy to clean and never need repainting.

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It's the casual elegance of this
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thing you have to discover. Yourself.

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you better ideas. (A better idea for
safety: buckle up).



MUSTANG



Mustang Mach 1

SHOW BUSINESS

Prize Day at Global Village

If media hot and media cool have shrunk the world to the dimensions of Marshall McLuhan's global village, then last week's Academy Awards made a certain amount of sense. Hollywood's annual orgy of self-adulation was really the commencement exercises at good old Global Village High, complete with prizes, dull speeches, strained humor, amateurish entertainment—and one hell of a party afterward, for winners and losers alike. At least two things made this year's ceremony, silly as it always is, a little bit different: the most popular girl ended up winning none of the prizes, and one of the biggest awards of all went to the truculent dropout of the class.

The lovely loser, of course, was Ali MacGraw, whom many figured a shoe-in for the best actress award. To be sure, there were complaints that her performance as Jenny Cavilleri in *Love Story* wasn't quite up to her Brenda Patinkin in 1969's *Goodbye, Columbus*. But—by Academy standards—didn't the film deserve a big prize for being one of Hollywood's alltime runaway box-office triumphs (well over \$30 million so far)? And hadn't Ali's husband, Bob Evans, earned an Oscar or two for his contributions to Paramount's growing profits?

Sheer Merit. Ali, as it turned out, knew better than a lot of insiders. A week before the awards ceremony, she and Bob and another couple had written down their predictions and sealed them in envelopes, with a bottle of champagne to go to the winner of their contest. Ali missed only one of the eight major awards: she picked Karen Black (*Five Easy Pieces*) as best supporting ac-



SCOTT AS PATTON
Best actor.

triss instead of Winner Helen Hayes (*Airport*). Otherwise, though, Mrs. Evans was as prescient as could be: she correctly named *Patton* for best picture, best direction (Franklin J. Schaffner), best actor (George C. Scott), and best original screenplay (Francis Ford Coppola and Edmund North); Glenda Jackson (*Women in Love*) for best actress; John Mills (*Ryan's Daughter*) for best supporting actor; Francis Lai (*Love Story*) for best musical score. It was too much to expect that she would also have picked the Oscar ceremony's best décolletage, which clearly and defiantly belonged to Sally Kellerman (*M*A*S*H*).

The major surprise was the unwanted Oscar that went to Scott, whose well-publicized determination to snub Hollywood's "meat parade" was the butt of what passed for the evening's jokes. As for Scott himself, he slept through the televised ceremony at his New York farm; his sons woke him up to accept a mock substitute award from some friends: a statue of Abraham Lincoln with the words GOD A'MIGHTY, FREE, FREE AT LAST.

Grudgingly, most of moviedom had to concede that Scott had won his Oscar on sheer merit. Much less grudgingly, they had to say pretty much the same about the relatively unknown British housewife (see following story) who duplicated the 1969 Oscar success of her countrywoman Maggie Smith by walking off with the best actress award.

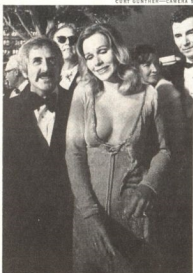
The Talented Mrs. Hodges

Blackheath is a respectable but hardly fashionable London suburb, its casual greens bordered by militarily regular rows of staid brick homes. Mrs. Roy Hodges, the mistress of the house at 51 Harvey Road, seems as unexceptional as the setting. She does her own grocery shopping, spends a great

deal of her time tending to her two-year-old son while her husband runs his small art gallery. She is 34, relaxed, intelligent and plain.

What does set Mrs. Hodges apart is that under her maiden name, Glenda Jackson, she has recently become one of the most important actresses in Britain and the U.S. as well. Despite a small complexion, slight figure and somewhat crooked teeth, she has drawn accolades for her enigmatic, sexually energetic characterizations. Her intricate rendition of the D.H. Lawrence heroine Gudrun in *Women in Love* won her an Oscar last week at the Academy Awards in Hollywood.

Chance to Explore. Earlier, Glenda's performance as Gudrun had garnered the best actress awards of both the New York Film Critics and the National Society of Film Critics, and she received high praise for the role of Peter Tchaikovsky's nymphomaniac wife in *The Music Lovers*. The two films were directed by Ken Russell, who is not noted for beguiling audiences with characterization. But Actress Jackson overcame both Russell and the difficult role of Gudrun with her range and depth of talent, conveying dark sensuality without the usual physical equipment. "The chance to explore such a mysterious, intriguing character was splendid," she says. "I hold little shrift with Lawrence's men-and-women-at-war philosophy, but in Gudrun he created a character that



KELLERMAN AT OSCAR CEREMONY
Best décolletage.



GLENDA WITH BABY SON



was absolutely fascinating, even if she was totally unreal."

Her own past, both private and professional, is as real as her present. The eldest of four daughters of a North Country bricklayer, she left school at 16 to join an amateur theater group and supported herself selling purgatives and eyedrops behind a chemist's counter. She won a two-year scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, then embarked on what she calls "the traditional English round: repertory and unemployment." In 1964, Peter Brook invited her to join the Royal Shakespeare Company, where she participated in his experimental theater of cruelty.

Hard and Cold. When Brook opened his shocking and magnificent *Marat/Sade*, with Glenda playing the mad, murderous Charlotte Corday, her performance was one of the truly curling experiences in contemporary theater; it gained her widespread attention in London and New York. It also created a mold that was both rewarding and discomfiting. "I really loathed that play," she admits. "It was so hard and cold. There was very little interaction, since all the inmates were operating on separate levels of madness. But at least by the time I left it, I didn't have to scratch for work any longer."

She may never have to scratch again. Her recently completed, laudable BBC series on the life of Elizabeth I should follow *The Forsyte Saga* and *The First Churchills* to a long-playing appearance on U.S. television screens. The role lets her display more than neurotic lubricity. To accept it she piqued Director Russell by turning down a role as a nun—with an insatiable sex habit, of course—in his next film *The Devils*. "It had nothing to do with Ken," she says. "He creates a proper climate for actors, even if he doesn't care anything about them. I was simply sick and tired of playing sex-crazed neurotics. I didn't have anything more to bring to that sort of role." She will have to suffer seeing herself that way one more time in the forthcoming *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*, which is Pythagorean chic—a triangle with a man and a woman in love with the same young boy.

Fortright Mistress. Glenda Jackson will soon take on Elizabeth I again, this time opposite Vanessa Redgrave's Mary, in yet another reprise of the Mary, Queen of Scots legend. She may also agree to play Charlotte in a film about the Brontë sisters presently being written by Christopher Fry. Beyond all that, the demands of domesticity may eventually outweigh her professional ambition. "I've essentially accomplished what I set out to do, and I'll be ready to quit the day my son says, 'I don't want you to go out.'" In Hollywood such familiar pronouncements have become grain-of-salt clichés. In England, at 51 Harvey Road, the forthright mistress of the house means what she says.

THE PRESS

Parting the Bamboo Curtain

Not for 15 years has a bona fide American reporter from a major U.S. news organization been allowed to visit Communist China. But last week, in the wake of the American table tennis team's unexpected visit to the land of Chairman Mao, the Bamboo Curtain for correspondents finally parted a little, and the rush was on.

When the invitation was first issued, few U.S. newsmen bothered to try for visas to accompany the table tennis team, and with good reason. For years, veteran China watchers had become used to requesting visas via periodic cables to Peking and never receiving so much as an answer from the Foreign Ministry. Most had dropped the practice in recent years, assuming it a futile exercise. One of the few to renew their

issued for the moment. U.P.I. had to settle for stringer copy and telephoned reports from the U.S. table tennis players.

Opening the Door. In addition to Rich and Roderick, NBC's Tokyo Operations Manager Jack Reynolds was also admitted, along with a two-man Japanese camera-sound crew. From Hong Kong, LIFE's British-born John Saar and German-born Freelance Photographer Frank Fischbeck were given visas, as was Tillman Durdin, 64, of the New York Times, another old China hand who covered the Sino-Japanese War from Shanghai in the late 1930s and was the Times's Nanking bureau chief in 1948. Rich, Roderick and Durdin all applied for permission to open permanent bureaus in Peking.

It is not likely that China will go that far yet. But Premier Chou En-lai,

NORMAN WHEELER—TORONTO GLOBE & MAIL



AMERICAN VISITORS IN PEKING*

visa requests was NBC's John Rich, who left Shanghai just ahead of Mao's forces in 1949, and has been China watching from Tokyo since 1962. Rich sent off what he called his "umpteenth cable," routinely requesting permission to enter China. Associated Press Tokyo Bureau Chief Henry Hartzenbusch did the same on behalf of John Roderick, who interviewed Mao when he was a guerrilla fighter in Northern China during the 1940s, and has been the A.P.'s chief China watcher in Tokyo since 1959. To their astonishment, the Foreign Ministry replied promptly for the first time ever: Come ahead.

Approval of visas for Rich, 53, and Roderick, 56, set off a stampede. The Red-run China Travel Service, which issues visas in Hong Kong when Peking approves, was suddenly swamped. From Tokyo, United Press International's Al Kaff desperately tried to telephone Peking for a visa to match A.P.'s coup. To his surprise, he got through to the Foreign Ministry, only to be told politely that no more approvals were being

who Roderick says remembered him after a lapse of 23 years, had a jovial chat with the journalists. "Mr. Roderick," he said with a smile, "you have opened the door." He promised that more U.S. journalists would be admitted later "in batches." Almost immediately, usually stone-faced officials at Hong Kong's China Travel Service smilingly expressed the hope that other applications to Peking would be successful.

Inviting Veterans. Just how much the journalists would see of China was open to question, but anything, for a start, was better than nothing. Rich and his crew shot more than 10,000 ft. of color film during the visit and sent 30-odd voicecasts back to the U.S. via telephone relay. There was no evidence of censorship of dispatches from Peking, and China waived its rule requiring that all film be developed and inspect-

* Professor Chien Wei-chang of Tsinghua University (center) with NBC's John Rich, A.P.'s John Roderick, NBC's Jack Reynolds and Table Tennis Player Glenn Cowan.

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ed before shipment out of the country. But there was no indication that the journalists had much freedom to roam either. All film and copy were carefully noncontroversial.

Late last week the visit of the table tennis team ended, and the visas of some correspondents expired with it. But Rich and Roderick got three-day extensions, and Durdin's visa will last a full month. Observers were encouraged that China had opened its borders to veterans who had known the country before Mao, and might be less easily snowed by tour guides than younger men.

Harold and the Wolf

Apart from the jocular jottings of Columnist Russell Baker, the *New York Times* is not noted for its humor. Some delightful deadpan gave a lift to its front page last week, however, when Music Critic Harold Schonberg was,



THE WOLF
No technique for trilling.

as it were, thrown to the wolves.

The man responsible was Metropolitan Editor Arthur Gelb, who spotted an offbeat story in the monthly magazine of Manhattan's Museum of Natural History; the article concluded that wolves howled not to frighten people but to communicate with other wolves. Gelb assigned Schonberg to write a professional critique of the calls of the wild. After listening to nearly an hour's worth of howling, Schonberg issued his straight-faced findings, complete with notational diagram:

- ▶ Wolves sing.
- ▶ There are lupine vocal registers—soprano wolves, contralto wolves, tenor wolves, even a bass wolf or two.
- ▶ Wolves have a characteristic call in which the interval of the major sixth (C to A) predominates.

Schonberg further observed that "when one wolf starts howling, like Franco Corelli in Verdi's 'Di quella pira' from *Il Trovatore*, the rest of the wolves join in, as in the choral sections of 'Di

quella pira.'" He found that the best wolf virtuosos "start pianissimo, swell to a *mesa di voce* to the sixth above, hold it sweetly and purely, then perhaps embellish to the upper partial before going down to a pianissimo and trailing off on an inconclusive microtonality near the tonic." Although some wolves have a range of more than an octave, Schonberg noted that "they try to trill, poor things, but do not really have the technique for it."

Story finished, Schonberg treated startled staffers in the *Times* city room to a few tenor and bass wolf howls of his own. Not bad, Gelb noted.

That Special Treatment

While some mass circulation magazines are having their troubles, with advertisers if not readers, specialty magazines are springing up all over, aimed at particular regions, races or interests. A sampling of newcomers:

BLACK SPORTS is a 50¢ monthly dedicated to providing depth and dimension to the coverage of black athletes—"something beyond salary figures and statistics," in the words of Publisher Allan Barron, a bush-bearded black from New Jersey who once ran a computer company. The first issue adds little to the public's considerable knowledge of such obvious star subjects as pro basketball's Lew Alcindor and Oscar Robertson and football's Matt Snell. But Barron hopes to develop other healthy heroes for young blacks, who, he claims, "now identify only with guys on the block, like pimps and pushers." Because he could not find a qualified black to serve as editor, Barron appointed a white friend, Freelancer Joseph Hemingway, to head an otherwise all-black editorial staff.

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR, a \$1 monthly, bills itself as a "serious magazine devoted to authoritative information about sex" and appears to be inspired by the successful *Psychology Today*. Its editor, Dr. Harold Lief, a professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, feels that "Americans are estranged from sexuality. They are ashamed of their desires." Despite such spicy cover come-ons as "57 Reasons a Wife May Decline Sex" and "Are We a Nation of Breast Worshipers?", *Sexual Behavior* seems almost ashamed of its subject. Most of the articles are by M.D.s and Ph.D.s and so mustily mid-Victorian in style and tone that educated adults will not discover much they did not find out about in schoolyard bull sessions as kids.

ON THE SOUND is the brainchild of Editor Roy Rowan, a former assistant managing editor of *LIFE*. A slick monthly that sells for \$2, it is aimed at the 4,000,000 people who live on or near Long Island Sound. "Our readers are genuinely affluent, educated people," Rowan says, "who share a certain location and lifestyle and have common interests." Subject matter is a mixture of leisure and concerned ecology, stressing to Sound dwellers the joy of sailing on it or swim-

ming in it and the horrors of bilge-blowing tankers befooling it.

AUDIENCE is a hard-cover bimonthly that virtually commands affluence from its readers. It costs \$4.95 a copy and is a mélange of *Esquire* and *Horizon*, with the flair of the long-dead peekaboo *Flair*. Book adaptations and artsy photographic portfolios are mixed with nonfiction articles that seem to have a very limited audience indeed. Example: "How I Rode with Harold Lewis on a Diesel Freight Train Down to Gridley, Kansas, and Back," which turns out to be exactly that. **CLEAR CREEK** is perhaps the best of the many new ecology magazines. A quarter-fold tabloid in the manner of such hip-style San Francisco predecessors as *Rolling Stone* and the late *Earth Times*, the 50¢ monthly is described, somewhat pretentiously, by Editor Pennfield Jensen as "a journal of the bio-renaissance dedicated to positive thought and action." The first issue examined in detail the whys



NEW MAGAZINES
Regions, races and interests.

and whereof of the big January oil spill in San Francisco Bay and publicized a little-known fight to save an obscure Texas wilderness known as Big Thicket. The current number contains a well-documented article on the dangers of lead poisoning. Promised in an upcoming issue: a look at how Soviet socialism relates to its natural environment.

GRAND DIPLOME COOKING COURSE comes to the U.S. from Britain via Canada as a 72-week exercise in correspondence cookery, priced at 95¢ a weekly issue. It holds out hope that anyone who has ever hefted a hamburger can learn to cook at home "in the manner of the great French chefs." There are, of course, no guarantees. Each installment gets more difficult: last week's featured such goodies as haddock mousse and a passel of paellas. Julia Child, co-author of *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*, says she thinks *Grand Diplôme* looks "pretty good." The U.S. edition is published in Maple Plain, Minn., which is a long way from Paris no matter how you look at it.

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ENVIRONMENT

Nader on Water

By 1980, Americans will use an estimated 560 billion gallons of water a day—more than twice the rate in 1960. This means that more and more U.S. water must be clean enough to use repeatedly. Pollution, though, is overwhelming the ability of many rivers and lakes to purify themselves. Is the Government doing enough to restore the balance?

Last week Ralph Nader offered a gloomy answer: a 700-page report entitled *Water Wasteland*, the product of a 21-month study by one of Nader's numerous teams of "raiders." Despite 15 years of effort, seven laws and more than \$3 billion in expenditures, say the researchers, the federal program to curb water pollution is "a miserable failure."

Loggared States. The main problem, asserts the Nader group, is the federal program's failure to control industrial effluents. They account for at least 50% of the oxygen-consuming wastes handled by municipal water-treatment plants, many of which are thus overloaded. They also include very dangerous contaminants (arsenic, cadmium, mercury), which few treatment plants can remove from drinking water. Even advanced plants, says the report, may be unable to handle the estimated 500 new chemicals that industry develops each year.

As for manufacturers' ever-rising expenditures on air- and water-pollution controls, the researchers found that in 1969 this amounted to less than .2% (\$1.3 billion) of annual revenues (\$694.6 billion). Moreover, "much of the \$800 million spent in 1969 was for devices to purify incoming water so it could be used in manufacturing, not to clean the waste water going out."

Ever since Congress enacted major water-quality laws in 1956, the Government has left enforcement largely to the states. Under severe pressure from local industries, the states often set low standards; right now, 22 states still do not have their standards fully approved by federal regulators. In addition, Washington has tried to talk offenders into compliance, a process that usually drags on for years. Meantime, the list of gravely contaminated waterways grows. Among the worst: the Houston Ship Canal, plus numerous rivers—the Buffalo, Cuyahoga, Escambia, Passaic, Merimack, Rouge and Ohio.

New Jobs. Nader's group is not optimistic about the effectiveness of either President Nixon's or Senator Edmund Muskie's water-quality bills now before Congress. Though both improve present laws, they are riddled with loopholes. To close them, the researchers propose several amendments. Example: federal pollution-control officers should be made to investigate all offenses and issue abatement orders immediately—or themselves face penalties.

The Nader report bristles with characteristic impatience. It scoffs at the old argument that the U.S. economy will suffer because pollution control will put marginal industries out of business. A big cleanup, it says, would probably create more jobs than it would destroy "because there is more work to be done." That remains debatable.

Even so, the report has caused surprisingly little criticism of its substantive points. "I agree with Ralph Nader," says William Ruckelshaus, administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency. "We are in danger of creating a water wasteland if we permit to happen in the future what has happened in the past." Ruckelshaus promises "radical changes" in law enforcement.

The Poetics of Pollution

There is a dawning world-around comprehension

Of the existence of a significant plurality

Of alternative energy source options Available for all Earthians' vital support . . .

Disturbed last month by the specter of an oil refinery proposed for Searsport, Me., not far from his beloved summer home on Bear Island, Buckminster Fuller, 75, fired off a protesting telegram to Maine Senator Edmund S. Muskie. The basic message could have been put in 21 words: URGE YOU BLOCK THIS AND ALL OTHER REFINERY PROJECTS ON MAINE'S COAST. ALTERNATE ENERGY SOURCES ARE AVAILABLE. CALL ME FOR DETAILS. But Bucky Fuller—author, architect, inventor, philosopher—operates on a grand scale. He turned to free verse, and the orotund result al-

most filled the entire Op-Ed page of the *New York Times*.

Fuller emphatically opposes the burning of fossil fuels (oil, coal), which not only are in limited supply on earth but also pollute air and water. To go on using oil and coal, he wrote,

*Is equivalent to drilling a hole
From the sidewalk into a bank vault
Pumping out money
And calling it free-enterprise
discovery . . .*

Total System. Fuller prefers tapping the sun's "cosmically inexhaustible energy" or harnessing the tides, possibly in the Bay of Fundy. In addition, he would like to see all nations and continents hooked into a global energy grid, with electricity flowing efficiently across time zones to meet distant peak-hour demands. He envisions "a total-humanity sustaining system" that would decrease birthrates and increase longevity. In short, Fuller's poetic excursion was mind expanding, if not mind exploding.

Muskie took some time to unravel Fuller's visionary verse. But last week he replied in the *Times* with 44 lines of his own bad poetry. After reeling off a few contemporary images—"nemesis clouds," "putrid smoke," "noxious oxides"—he got to Fuller's Maine point:

*And the rockbound coast
Is threatened by the super
Tankers disgorging crude oil
On the tide . . .*

Muskie has no power to block the proposed refinery at Searsport. Still, as a potential presidential candidate, he ended his answer to Fuller on the right hortatory note. Allowing that the U.S. has "the knowledge, the skill and the treasure" to save its environment, the Senator thundered: "Only our dedication—commitment—is in doubt."



In Memory of Man's Victims

TO celebrate Earth Week (this year's version of Earth Day, spread over April 18-24), New York's Bronx Zoo set up this ominous "Animal Graveyard." Each of the 225 tombstones commemorates a species that has become extinct

since 1600—e.g. the New South Wales barred bandicoot, Labrador duck, Malagasy great tortoise and Haitian long-tongued bat. Wildlife experts say that at least 75% of the extinct creatures vanished as a result of human activity.

MODERN LIVING

The New Room: No Furniture

To most people, furnishing a new house or apartment is an expensive, sometimes traumatic experience—where to put the chairs, how to arrange the sofas in the conversation area, and what decorating style to choose. A growing number of architect-designers may have found the solution to these troublesome questions: no furniture at all. Man's earliest shelter was a cave with a rock to sit on, and perhaps it gave him more peace of mind than a cluttered room in a contemporary home.

"Chairs, for example, create rigid environments," explains Thomas Luckey, 31, a New Haven environmental architect. "Because chairs are in fixed locations, they limit your options as to where to sit." In most rooms that Luckey and his colleagues design, conventional furniture is replaced by lumps, bumps and other more or less organized protrusions that serve as chairs, couches, tables and shelves. "The basic formula," says Charles Moore, former dean of Yale's School of Architecture and now a practicing architect in New Haven, "is to design an environment that is relatively cheap, comfortable and useful." After that, he says, "almost anything goes." Some of the more remarkable examples:

MULTILEVEL PLATFORMS. Architect Michael Black was called in by Harold Slavkin, a Los Angeles molecular biologist, to plan a vacation house. He disposed of all furniture, building a complex of multilevel platforms covered with carpeting. Now guests sit, lie or sprawl, and flop from one tier to another as conversations catch their interest. "In a 10-ft. by 12-ft. area," says Slavkin's wife Kay, "we've had as many as twelve people in practically as many postures." Black also revamped the Slavkins' staid, traditional Los Angeles house. "The problem," he says, "was a

cold, formal living room and warm, informal people." Once again, he used platforms to replace furniture. "The first time people see it," says Kay Slavkin, "they just stand and gawk."

THE TIERED EFFECT. Architect Raymond Kappe's California home carries the tiered effect even further, with floors of one room becoming sofas (also tables, chairs and beds) for another. "You can sit on the edge of the drawing room and dangle your feet into the studio," says Kappe. "There are so many places for people to sit or sprawl that we can entertain a hundred and still retain intimacy."

MOVABLE COLUMN. New Haven Architect Luckey has designed an 8-ft.-long, 6-ft.-diameter column that can be used in various ways. In a horizontal position, it serves as a bed or a couch; when it is lifted to a vertical position, the interior can be used as a dressing space, storage area or simply as a place to read in peace.

URETHANE BLOCKS. St. Louis Architect Terrence Cashen has furnished his living room with two dozen 1-ft. by 2-ft. urethane blocks, lit it with two strings of naked light bulbs, and mirrored two opposite walls to reflect blocks and bulbs receding into infinity. Cashen sits, sleeps and eats on them. The unmirrored walls are white, carpet and cubes charcoal

gray. "The lack of color," says Cashen, "makes people more important because they add color."

COMMUNICATION CUBE. A group of designers at California State College in Long Beach has designed a "communication cube" that replaces all the furniture in a small room. It stands 7 ft. on a 3-ft. module and has adjustable horizontal and vertical partitions. Up to nine people can sit in it, loll on its shelves and "communicate." Ideal for transients, the cube can be dismantled, piled into the car and moved to the next apartment.

THE LIBERATING CUBE. Functional Ken Isaacs, an architecture instructor at the University of Illinois Chicago Circle campus, believes that environments offer a means of liberation. "Too many guys," he says, "are imprisoned in and by their \$40,000 homes. Like my students, they might find liberation in a 4-ft. cube." Two of the four shelves inside the cube can form a seat while the others fasten into the moldings to form a desk or table. Later, a bed can be made of a pair of shelves—the sleeper's feet extend through a side-window flap. Another variation: a student can open a roof flap, stick head and shoulders out and use the roof as a desk. Cost of an Isaacs cube: about \$35.

ALL-CORK LINING. Ettore Sottsass Jr., a thoughtful Milanese designer intent upon creating an environment that is a

"diagram of psychic processes, a therapeutic act," is now completing a Milan apartment lined with cork-faced linoleum, without furniture save for kitchen and bath fixtures. The toilet is enclosed in an undulate black fiber-glass column that rises to the ceiling. There are no walls between sleeping, living and bath areas, which are raised two steps above the sitting and eating zones.

POLYURETHANE CAVE. Several Manhattan designers have an answer for those who literally want to return to the simplicity of the cave. They spray polyurethane foam over wire, burlap and wood forms—or even balloons—strategically placed in a room. Within a day, the stuff

ARCHITECT CASHEN IN LIVING ROOM



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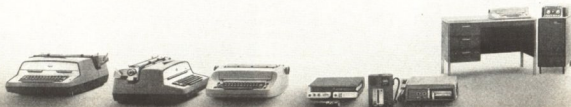
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hardens into a tough, mildew-proof mass with planned recesses and protrusions that take the place of furniture. The corners of windows are filled in, leaving a rounded opening, and the sills are comfortably padded. The total effect, say those who live in the caves, is like a womb with a view.

Sound of Deceit

Over the telephone, as well as in the courtroom, alibi often tend to fall apart. A phone call to the wife pleading late work at the office, for example, is less than convincing with the noisy hilarity of a swinging singles bar audible in the background. Similarly, the hospital-visit-to-an-ailing-aunt play is apt to prove a dud with a boss whose receiver is also picking up the strains of a jukebox or the cries of a ballpark hot dog vendor. To prevent such pretexts from collapsing, help is finally at hand: alibi tapes.

Devised by a Manhattan recording production firm, Leisure Data, Inc., the tapes—available as cassettes or cartridges—supply the proper noisy backdrop for eight separate situations. The familiar noises of a traffic jam, the jet whines and flight announcements of a busy airport, the sounds of a crowded lobby, a phone booth at Grand Central Station or Macy's department store, an array of long-distance operators from major U.S. cities, a hospital or office milieu—the whole lot can be had for \$16.95.

The idea that led to alibi tapes came to Leisure Data President Steve Lichtenstein when he saw the movie *The Owl and the Pussycat*. "George Segal had this tape of a barking dog," he remembers, "and I suddenly saw the possibilities. The whole country is paranoid, especially city apartment dwellers. So I got an attack dog and taped him trying to chew me up. It began selling 1,000 copies a week all over the country, just so people could switch it on when the doorbell rang." Soon Lichtenstein's out-of-work friends asked him to tape a selection of office background noise, the better to telephone for job interviews without betraying that they were at home and unemployed.

Alibi Cartridges. There are different reels for different deals. One businessman, according to Lichtenstein, established a reputation as a highly mobile go-getter and "destroyed his competitor by calling an account from five different cities in the space of one day." The wild-party tape has its advocates. "A guy wanted this girl to come over to his place," Lichtenstein fondly recalls. "She thought there was a party, but when she got there, there were only the two of them." A major liquor distiller has ordered 500 sets of alibi cartridges and tape players to be installed in bars throughout Manhattan for the coming Christmas season. Signs will offer them to customers, compliments of the company. The tapes will enable long-staying patrons to have one for the road while providing an alibi that is sound.

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MEDICINE

Mechanical Medics

Rushed to a top-secret desert laboratory to study a mysterious microbe from outer space, scientists in Michael Crichton's 1969 novel *The Andromeda Strain* undergo a thorough physical examination before they are allowed to start work. Their hearts, lungs and brain waves are all checked, their body fluids are analyzed, and their immunities to various diseases boosted by shots. But no doctor takes part in the process; the entire examination is automated. Says one member of the team to a colleague: "That machine—you'd better

JERRY LA ROCCA



CARDIAC MONITORING IN AMBULANCE
Diagnosis at a distance.

not let the A.M.A. find out about it."

The A.M.A. already knows. Once little more than a figment of the science-fiction writer's imagination, mechanized medicine has become a reality that reaches far beyond electrocardiographs and electroencephalographs. Physicians are turning increasingly to electronics in their efforts to lighten their labors and increase their powers of observation and analysis. In the process, the very nature of medical practice is changing.

Hot Line. One of the most versatile of the new tools is television. Closed-circuit hookups are now routinely used to give medical students a surgeon's-eye view of operations and enable overworked nurses to watch patients without having to be at the bedside. TV is also employed to extend the reach of physicians, allowing them to see and diagnose patients at a distance. Boston's Logan International Airport, one of the world's busiest, has been linked to Massachusetts General Hospital by a system called Tele-Diagnosis. Those in need of care report to the airport examining

room, where a nurse takes a preliminary history and establishes contact with the hospital. Once this is done, the doctor can examine and question the patient directly through the two-way hookup, examine specific areas of the patient's body by means of a nurse-directed TV camera, listen to the patient's heart via an electronic stethoscope. He can then decide whether the symptoms require immediate attention at a hospital or merely a later visit to a family physician.

Telemetry, long-distance monitoring similar to that now conducted on astronauts during space flights, has been brought down to earth to help victims of heart attacks. San Francisco's Mount Zion Hospital and Medical Center has installed a "hot line" in its ambulances, so that hospital-based doctors can keep tabs on hospital-bound heart-attack victims and advise ambulance crews on emergency treatment.

Screening Centers. Even greater potential for progress is offered by the digital computer. Various types of computers have already proved their value in the area of information handling, allowing physicians to store complete medical records and retrieve them at the touch of a few keys on a typewriter-like office terminal. Now computers are being put to even greater use by physicians seeking to plan treatment programs for their patients. Doctors at Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital in Hanover, N.H., have programmed their Honeywell computer to sort through some 20,000 different radiation-treatment plans and extract the ten most suitable for a particular tumor patient.

In about five minutes, the machine does a job that would take a technician several hours. It also sketches out the area of the body involved and plots the paths the radiation will take to reach the affected organ. "It would be impossible for the human mind to perform the same task," says Dr. Edward Sternick, the radiation physicist who helped design the program.

The computer's medical applications are not confined to computation; as Crichton forecast, the intricate machines are being used increasingly to perform physical examinations. About 50 computer-operated "multiphasic-screening centers" have been established in the U.S. since 1965, and some 250,000 Americans receive electronic examinations at these facilities each year.

Early Warning. The examinations are both swift and thorough. Patients using a screening center complete their medical histories by pressing buttons to answer yes or no to questions flashed on a screen before them. Then they merely follow prerecorded instructions as they move to machines designed to measure everything from pulse rate to hearing acuity. Although a nurse is needed to take a blood sample, she need not analyze it; recently developed machines

can complete up to 24 different tests on blood in less than an hour.

Many doctors regard multiphasic screening, which can be done for less than \$100 a patient and may save up to \$500 in fees for laboratory tests, as an ideal way of examining large numbers of people and providing the early warning necessary for the prevention or successful treatment of many diseases. Others feel that screening is economically impractical. But Dr. Marvin Klein, who runs Checkup, a private, computerized diagnostic center in Chicago, offers evidence that the process can pay. By screening members of a union that subscribed to his service, he uncovered signs of glaucoma, a serious eye disease, in six. Two of the patients would have gone blind without prompt treatment. The projected cost of supporting the two men for the rest of their lives, if they had lost their sight, equaled the cost of Checkup's entire operation for five years.

Futures for Sale

To finance their education, needy medical students have long peddled everything from magazine subscriptions to their own blood. Now, two students at the Wayne State University School of Medicine in Detroit are suggesting that prospective doctors sell a more valuable commodity—a piece of their future. Aware that many small towns need doctors, particularly general practitioners, Sol Edelstein, 24, and Douglas Jackson, 26, are offering in effect to indenture themselves to any community that is willing to pay the cost of their medical education.

Encouraging Response. Edelstein, president of Wayne State's medical student council, and Jackson, student-faculty council representative, got the idea last fall when Belding, Mich., was about to lose its only doctor. The community sent a representative to a meeting of the state medical society and offered to pay a student's way through medical school if he would agree to come and work in Belding. Figuring that other towns might be equally desperate for doctors, Edelstein and Jackson wrote to 134 communities to suggest similar arrangements.

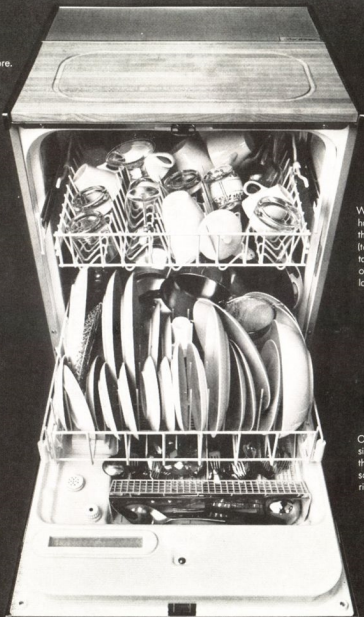
Under their proposal, which they stress is open to negotiation, the town would advance a medical student \$2,000 a year at 3% interest for four years, provide and equip an office and guarantee a reasonable income once a practice is established. In turn, the student would repay the loan within three years of completing internship and military service, and would pledge to serve in the town as a general practitioner for at least a year. If the arrangement worked well, the students believe, the young doctors would stay for much longer.

"The obligation to serve the designated time in the community," says Edelstein, "would be a moral instead of a legal one." But he suggests that the pledge could be given some extra force

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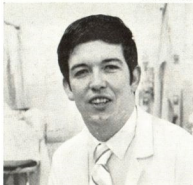
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SOL EDELSTEIN



DOUGLAS JACKSON

Repaying a loan with service.

by a clause providing for a higher interest rate or other penalty should a doctor default on his promise to remain in the town.

Response to the proposal has been encouraging. The Michigan Medical Society's Education Commission says that it will recommend that its parent group guarantee all loans made to state medical students. Twenty Michigan communities have answered the original letter, and two—Niles and Muskegon—have sent representatives to Wayne State for student interviews. About 100 students have declared themselves available. Their interest in the program is easy to comprehend. Since 1966, total federal aid to Wayne State medical students has dropped from \$365,000 to \$81,400. Tuition for state residents, which was only \$750 five years ago, has increased to \$1,150—and even that much is less than half the cost at many private universities.

The Virus Killer

Serendipity is often the researcher's best friend. Thirteen years ago, Dr. Paul Gordon, a professor of microbiology and pharmacology at Chicago Medical School, set out to find a drug that would improve memory and increase learning ability. What he actually found, he reported last week to a Chicago meeting of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology, may prove even more valuable—a nontoxic, broad-spectrum agent that works against a wide variety of viruses.

The potential panacea is isoprinosine, a derivative of the chemical inosine found in muscle tissue. In 1958, Gordon began experimenting with inosine to lessen "absent-mindedness" in aged rats and mice. The substance, which stimulates protein production by brain cells, worked. Gordon observed that the drug also prevented viral action by blocking the genetic information that viruses must carry into cells in order to reproduce themselves (TIME, April 19). Speculating that the drug's antiviral action might be a useful medical tool, Gordon began to search for a derivative that did not have inosine's unpleasant side effect, a prolonged depression. What

he found was isoprinosine, a safe, and stronger antiviral agent.

Now approved for clinical use in Argentina, isoprinosine is under test at 15 institutions in the U.S. Gordon believes it could some day have tremendous impact on disease treatment. Unlike drugs that merely suppress the symptoms of viral disease, isoprinosine attacks the viruses themselves, preventing them from reproducing and thus reducing the scope of infection. So far, says Gordon, it has proved effective in tissue culture against the viruses that cause influenza and the herpes viruses responsible for shingles and chicken pox. But it still falls short of cure for man's most common ailment, for, as Gordon points out, "there is no such thing as the common cold." More than 20 different viruses are known to produce the upper-respiratory-tract infections that lead to fever and sniffles. Isoprinosine, though apparently effective against some more serious viruses, remains to be tested against those that cause colds.

Though bee and wasp stings are little more than a brief, painful annoyance to most people, they occasionally produce violent—even fatal—reactions in those who are allergic to insect venom. Severe sudden respiratory impairment and circulatory collapse are among the possible consequences. Victims must have prompt treatment to minimize their reactions. Even better, says Dr. Mary Loveless, a semiretired member of the Cornell Medical School faculty, those reactions may now be prevented. During the past two decades, Dr. Loveless told the biological societies, she has treated more than 200 patients who are allergic to wasp bites by injecting them with small doses of wasp venom. The goal was to trigger the production of antibodies that would protect the patient against the poison. Dr. Loveless was stung at least a dozen times as she captured wasps in her garden, but the results were nonetheless encouraging. Of 121 patients who underwent planned stings, none developed serious reactions; of 97 stung by accident, only five suffered any reaction, and all were minor.

MILESTONES

Born. To James Roosevelt, 63, eldest son of F.D.R., a former U.S. Congressman and currently a business consultant in Switzerland, and his fourth wife, onetime British Schoolteacher Mary Winskill Roosevelt, 32: their first child (his seventh), a daughter; in Geneva. Name: Rebecca Mary.

Married. Burl Ives, 61, folk balladeer and Oscar-winning actor (in 1958); and Dorothy Koster, 44, longtime friend and the architect of Ives' New Mexico home; both for the second time; in London.

Died. Wynton Kelly, 39, jazz pianist; in Toronto. From the 1950s through the mid-'60s, Kelly was a catalytic figure in a number of groups featuring such improvisational superstars as Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis and the late Wes Montgomery. Kelly was credited with providing a vital blues-tinged version of the modern jazz idiom.

Died. Dan Reeves, 58, innovative principal owner of the Los Angeles Rams; of cancer; in Manhattan. Love of football induced Reeves to use his inherited money to buy the Cleveland club in 1941. It became the first football team to develop an extensive scout network for recruiting college players. Reeves then brought the Rams—and big-league sports—to Los Angeles in 1946. Baseball, basketball and other football teams followed him to the Coast. Though he frequently replaced his head coaches, Reeves reversed his 1968 decision to fire George Allen after angry fans demonstrated their support of Allen by burning the owner in effigy. But Reeves later succeeded in quietly replacing Allen.

Died. Igor Tamm, 75, physicist and a leading libertarian within Soviet science; in Moscow. A critic of Kremlin attempts to police the scientific community, Tamm never joined the Communist Party. In 1958 he shared the Nobel Prize with two Soviet colleagues for discovering and explaining the "Cherenkov effect," the bluish glow that occurs when high-energy electrons pass through a transparent substance. Tamm's prominence among Russian theoretical physicists was based largely on his work blending quantum mechanics and Einstein's theory of relativity.

Died. Marcel Gromaire, 78, French painter and tapestry designer; in Paris. Together with Jean Lirçat, Gromaire became widely known for reviving France's long-dormant tradition of tapestry making at Aubusson during the World War II German occupation; before that, he achieved international recognition with the showing of his striking expressionist painting, *La Guerre*. In 1951 he won critical acclaim for his series of New York "landscapes" depicting the city as "Dantesque."

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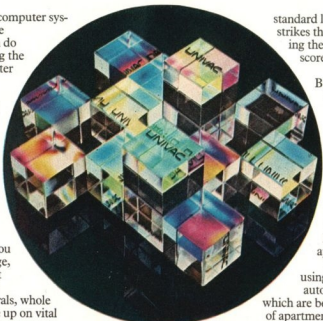
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RELIGION

Just Plain Bob

In Pacifica, Calif., they called him "Father Bob"—or just plain Bob. He had come to the seaside community just south of San Francisco in 1966 as pastor of the airy, modern church that is the nucleus of St. Peter's Roman Catholic parish. He was a Vatican II priest, no question: folk Masses, a strong parish council, an adult education program on church history and theology. But he was a bit more as well. Last week the rest of the U.S. found out what some of his parishioners have known for months: that the pretty woman and five-year-old boy who occasionally worshipped at Father Bob's Sunday Masses were none other than his wife and son.

The Rev. Robert F. Duryea, 49, has been a priest for 25 years. He has also

relieved of all his priestly functions.

Reaction at Pacifica was overwhelmingly in Duryea's favor. The day of McGucken's announcement, 800 parishioners assembled in St. Peter's for a show of support. When Father Bob entered, still in his clerical collar, they gave him a standing ovation. "If there was any way possible," said a formal statement from the parish council, "we would keep him as pastor. Because of our experience with Father Duryea, we feel that the church's rule on celibacy, which deprives our community of ministers such as Father Duryea, should be changed as soon as possible. As a married priest, he has been a very successful pastor."

Double Life. Duryea insists that he never meant to make his marriage into a confrontation. Though he felt even in seminary days that celibacy

A Question of Freedom

The evidence has been mounting for years that many Roman Catholic priests in the U.S. disagree with several key teachings and disciplines of their faith. Now there is additional proof. In a major survey of some 6,000 U.S. bishops, priests and former priests conducted by Chicago's National Opinion Research Center, 54% of the priests questioned want optional rather than compulsory celibacy for diocesan clergy. On another controversial issue, the study found that Pope Paul's condemnation of artificial birth control "does not command majority support" among the surveyed priests.

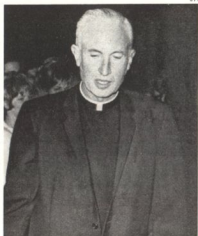
The conclusions of the survey will offer cold comfort to the U.S. hierarchy, which, as it happens, commissioned the research. The bishops will discuss the findings at their semiannual meeting in Detroit next week as part of their preparation for the churchwide synod in Rome next fall. They will undoubtedly be disturbed by the survey's findings about celibacy and contraception, and they may also wince at the disclosure that the priests' liberal position on divorce is "remarkably different from the traditional one." Though the bishops may breathe a bit easier to learn that priests, by and large, support the church's attitudes on abortion and premarital sex, even those findings are not unalloyed joy: "The younger clergy," the study notes dryly, "are somewhat more sympathetic to premarital sex." Because the bishops' ecclesiastical conservatism sets them apart from their clergy, the study warned of "a serious and potentially dangerous gap between the priests and the hierarchy."

No Choice. The NORC sociologists also learned that loneliness, reflected in a desire to marry, was the most important reason that men left the ministry, while problems of faith were relatively unimportant. Another study, based on in-depth interviews with 271 priests by psychologists at Chicago's Loyola University, did disclose, however, one problem with belief. Even many priests loyal to their vocation have an "incompletely developed faith," in part attributable, the psychologists said, to the church's emphasis on "the extrinsic aspects of belief."

Similarly, the psychologists found that many priestly problems with authority are probably due in part to "the manner in which authority is exercised" in the church. Celibacy is a problem not because so many priests want to marry, but principally because they are denied the freedom of choice. What is needed, suggested the psychologists, is a willingness on the part of the bishops to give the priests more freedom, which in turn would help develop the maturity that many of them now lack and thus make them more effective. The study concludes that few priests are psychologically ill, but that many need more room to grow to their full potential as priests and human beings.



LUALAN & PAUL



FATHER ROBERT DURYEA

A bit more than a Vatican II priest.

been married, it turned out, for nearly seven of them. While serving as chaplain at San Jose's O'Connor Hospital, he had struck up a friendship with a young nurse named Lualan O'Connor, now 30. "Hospitals are such timeless places," he recalls. "It seems like such a dreamlike thing." A sympathetic priest married them quietly. Duryea settled his wife in nearby Santa Clara. A son came along 13 years later, and the couple named him Paul, after Pope Paul VI. When Duryea was transferred to St. Peter's, 55 miles away, he visited his family mostly on days off.

His secret slowly rippled out to a widening circle of friends and confidants; eventually many in the parish knew but, amazingly, kept quiet. Only in recent months, apparently, did San Francisco's Archbishop Joseph McGucken get wind of the rumors. He asked Duryea to resign and "disappear quietly." Duryea refused. Last week the Archbishop announced that Duryea had been automatically excommunicated because of his marriage and has been

"was wrong," he had simply accepted it. When he and Lualan married, "I wasn't trying to show the church anything. I had no thought that our marriage would become public. Later I saw that I was an effective pastor and a good husband." One thing that helped convince him, says Duryea, was ecumenical contacts with married ministers and rabbis—as well as with busy professional men. How did he manage a double life? "Any busy doctor could tell you that."

Duryea would like to return to priestly work when and if he is "invited back"—a highly unlikely prospect. In the meantime, parishioners, aware that he is without pension or salary, are collecting a fund to support the Duryeas temporarily. The ex-pastor, somewhat astonished at it all, is basking in the open approval of his friends and a number of priestly colleagues. The reaction of his parents, who did not share the secret, pleases him especially. Said Robert F. Duryea Sr., when he learned that he had a daughter-in-law and grandson: "It was like a gift."

THE THEATER

New Barrymore

For the first time in years, a man capable of becoming a great and serious classical actor has appeared on the U.S. stage. Richard Chamberlain has a magnetic presence that holds an audience in thrall. Unlike most U.S. actors, he has an unforced command of the Shakespearean line. His delivery is intelligent, inflectively exact, and he conducts his voice as if it were an orchestra of verse. Chamberlain is inordinately handsome and bears himself with regal authority which makes him seem all the more a potential new Barrymore.

It is a long jump from TV's *Dr. Kildare* series to *Richard II*, but Chamberlain has leaped the full distance in a Seattle Repertory Theater production

CAMERA CRAFT INC.



RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN IN "RICHARD II"
The breath of worldly men.

just concluded. He may well have been aided by the strength, sensitivity and symmetry of Duncan Ross's direction. Ross conceived the play as a medieval tapestry. All of his groupings for the various scenes have a kind of heraldic harmony. He has taught his actors to speak with clarity and to be still when they should be still. Thus, when the focus is on Richard, or on John of Gaunt, or on Bolingbroke, the concentration is total, with no dissipation of intensity through random movement.

Pop to Martyr. Like many of Shakespeare's plays, *Richard II* is a journey of inner transformation. As Prince Hal moves from tavern playboy to patriot King, so Richard moves from self-indulgent pop to martyr. Chamberlain accomplishes this with masterly gradations. His early Richard walks with a kind of

saucy flippancy. When he banishes Bolingbroke and Mowbray from the realm, it is not so much with imperial ire as petulant impatience. He has already gained in gravity when he later drops to the ground and fondles the soil of England: "Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hands. Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs."

The word "tears" recurs frequently in *Richard II*. Yet it is no easy task for an actor to evoke tears for a character who is so full of self-pity. It is proof of Chamberlain's high emotive gift that members of an audience, so rapt that they never coughed, had cause, more than once, to wipe their eyes.

Redeemed of Sin. Unkinged, Richard is most kingly. The fire of majesty flashes from Chamberlain's brow as he rebukes the usurping Bolingbroke: "The breath of worldly men cannot depose/The deputy elected by the Lord." In his final scene, as piteously alone as he was once in clamorous pomp attended, bereft of crown and wife, Richard seems a saint redeemed of sin.

With his limited stage experience, Chamberlain is not without flaws. He tends to pose his arms and hands as if they were petrified objects of sculpture. He sometimes moves as if conscious of chalk-mark locations on the stage, rather than with an easy unconcerned grace. But these faults can be amended. The important point is that he is, in the language of sport, a natural. With further discipline, and firm resolve, he can become one of the lords of the stage.

■ T.E. Kalem

Harpooning Fate

To devise a version of *Moby Dick* as a one-man, 90-minute theater piece comes under the heading of "They said it couldn't be done." Jack Aranson has done it, superbly. Aranson was born in Los Angeles, trained as an actor at the Old Vic, toured Ireland, and in 1963 formed his own San Francisco City Theater. He is currently doing *Moby Dick* at college theaters in the Bay Area. Berkeley students are as still as undropped pins on the nights he appears.

To appreciate his achievement, it is desirable, but not necessary, to have read the novel. By cultural osmosis, even the nonreader knows the basic story. The opening line, "Call me Ishmael," sounds a ghostly summoning bell on everyman's ship, *Pequod*, "a noble craft, but somehow a most melancholy."

Aranson hews to four grand themes: the sea, the quest, the majestic, malignant power of the white whale, and Ahab's fierce, tragic, demonic will to harpoon fate. Ahab v. the first mate Starbuck, the man of reason, forms the main line of conflict. Starbuck has signed on to hunt whales, not to pursue Ahab's monomaniacal revenge. Melville means us to know that when a man sets out to probe the secrets of

the universe, he is far past reason, just as the seafaring Renaissance explorers went far past their maps.

Aranson seems almost to have been born on the wharves of Nantucket. He walks with sea legs. The floorboards become a deck, rolling under his feet with the long, steady rhythm of an ocean swell. There are fogs, stars, spars and billowing sails in his voice.

New England Mind. Melville was a born monologist, which helps Aranson mightily. The novel is replete with presentiments of drama, explicitly written-in stage directions that invaluable guide a fine actor. Thus Ahab's first appearance is heralded by the words: "He stood before us with a crucifixion in his face." Aranson turns that cue into a reality.

Through the twelve characters and 16 scenes, he never relinquishes the mood of intense spiritual crisis. He con-

PATRICK MC EVITT



JACK ARANSON IN "MOBY DICK"
The anger of Melville's God.

tures up the harsh, flinty, arrogant valor of the 19th century New England mind, which, demanding much of others, demanded even more of itself. With a God such as Melville's, one scarcely needs a Devil. He, like Hawthorne, might have taken for his text Jonathan Edwards' fearsome sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." It is those hands, and not *Moby Dick*'s great maw, that finally engulf *Pequod* and its doomed captain and crew.

With this one-man show, Jack Aranson has joined a select and illuminating company, that of John Gielgud in *Ages of Man*, Siobhan McKenna in *Here Are Ladies*, Emlin Williams as Charles Dickens and Hal Holbrook in *Mark Twain Tonight*. *Moby Dick* is the most formidable task of the lot.

■ T.E.K.



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Wounded Animal

Othello needs to be retrieved even more than it needs to be revived. Of Shakespeare's four great tragedies, which include *Hamlet*, *King Lear* and *Macbeth*, *Othello* has become increasingly less accessible to modern audiences and actors. There are several reasons for this. To the contemporary playgoer, the Moor's marital jealousy is more amazing than it is convincing, and the evidence of the telltale handkerchief seems unbelievably flimsy. Today's audiences are also more interested in Iago's psychologically obscure malignity than in Othello's open nature and loftiness of soul.

For the actor, the pitfall in recent years has been to regard Othello as a racially conscious black instead of the Elizabethan he always was and always will be. Thus Olivier was the embodiment of a calypso Othello, with a Caribbean accent and swagger. The highly stylized, slightly exotic Othello of Moses Gunn might have been a Cotton Club dandy. In the current revival at Los Angeles' Mark Taper Forum, James Earl Jones makes of Othello a wounded animal, a Jack Johnson in agonized decline.

Poet in Uniform. In each instance, the high poetic music of the play has been jangled and the nature of Othello obscured. While Othello sometimes speaks with direct and simple beauty ("Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them"), he often cloaks



JAMES EARL JONES IN "OTHELLO"
Love's image lost.

himself in more ornamental phraseology, and this silver rhetoric is lost on tongues of clay.

Othello is a poet in uniform, a dreamer on the field of combat, but never rude or crude—which Jones tends to forget. The Moor is not the toughest boy in the barracks but a man obsessed by romance, heroism and honor. He dwells in images and on them. Even in the act of suicide, he summons up an image of how he once

smote a circumcised dog of a Turk. His love of Desdemona is a kind of image of love. His heart breaks when Iago tarnishes that image, long before Desdemona herself is actually destroyed. Neither Olivier nor Gunn nor Jones has been able to convey this. Thus none of them has struck any consuming emotional fire out of the Othello-Desdemona relationship.

Misplaced Mirth. The Desdemona of the present production would cast a chill on any Othello. Jill Clayburgh is beyond her depth both artistically and temperamentally. She may well have seen the inside of a Seven Sisters college, but never for a single instant does she convince one that she has walked in the court of Venice, or even rumpled her hair, let alone been heart-ravished. As Iago, Anthony Zerbe is the happiest casting choice. He brings a silky, insidious plausibility to the role, which at least accounts for Othello's so persistently believing him to be "honest."

In the career of James Earl Jones, the evening is a sad disappointment. The brute force and self-assured cockiness that he brought to *The Great White Hope* are of no use in *Othello*. Another of Jones' traits, his warm, winning deep-down, irrepressible mirth, is similarly irrelevant, and actually damages some lines and scenes. His aspiration may be applauded, but his performance must be deplored.

■ T.E.K.



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ART

Sprezzatura in Steel

Although most of the best large-scale sculpture produced in the past 15 years has been made in and around New York, the city provides few spaces where it can be viewed in proper perspective. Now private initiative is making up for public failure. In front of Hammar skjöld Plaza, its new office block on Second Avenue at 47th Street, Wolf & Macklowe, a New York real estate firm, has created a sculpture garden for rotating displays of sculptures too large to be exhibited elsewhere. "I told the city," says

for instance, did he get the great squashed cylinder that went into *Ascent*, 1970 (opposite)? "Well," says Liberman in the tone of a watercolorist explaining a wash, "we got two bulldozers and ran the boiler against a tree until it looked right." And if it had looked wrong? "Then another boiler, I suppose..."

At 59, Alexander Liberman is one of America's leading sculptors. His work has a stringency and a humanistic resonance that have seldom met in a sculptor's work since David Smith died. Yet his name is not always on the list of instant preferences that a curator might reel off. "I have always been plagued," Liberman sighs, "by suspicions that in some indefinable way I am not quite serious. And that's because I have a job." The job is as editorial director of Condé Nast; he has been there in one position or another since 1941, when he escaped from Paris to New York and was hired by Lucien Vogel, on whose illustrated magazine *Vu* he had worked in the '30s. Some Liberman critics claim that his art exists mainly on a level of Parnassian chic, that he is "uncommitted,"

natural and serious grace of action. What Baudelaire wrote on dandyism a century ago is almost exactly true of the virtues of Liberman's art and its expressive limitations: "The distinguishing characteristic of the dandy's beauty consists above all in an air of coldness. You might call it a latent fire which hints at itself, and which could—but chooses not to—burst into flame."

Kinetic Metaphor. Control is the dandy's key, and Liberman's control is of a peculiar and highly tuned kind: it consists of letting two creative systems play with each other. On one hand, designed accident; on the other, a strictly organized language of geometrical form—circle, cylinder, triangle. "I like the steel to lie around in my yard, fallow," says Liberman. "Eventually some combination imprints itself on me: this sheet belongs to this rod; it attracts that tank end. It's very much a gamble." (His interest in chance as a provoker of form has existed for years. Back in 1955, he used dice and readings from a Chinese oracular book, the *I Ching*, to determine the color for paintings.)

But just as the chance is impure—being edited by Liberman's preferences—so too his shapes are not wholly abstract. A disk may allude to the sun, to a breast or to an altar; a tri-



LIBERMAN WITH DEVELOPER MACKLOWE
Inviting a physical response.

Harry Macklowe, 33, "that I'd bear all the expenses for installing it, maintenance, and the rest. It's a gift to New York. It may tend to break down the walls of the museum—I hope." Four weeks ago, the first show at Hammar skjöld Plaza opened with seven giant constructions by Alexander Liberman. It was an intelligent choice: Liberman's buoyant sculptures, with their red-lacquered steel surfaces laid like skin over space, changed the street into a visual event.

"Of all the birds in the flock," Art Critic Thomas B. Hess recently observed, "Liberman is the rarest." It is a rare bird indeed that he resembles: the eye's moist, inquisitive glitter; the sharp ruffle of conversational feathers; the exact poise.

Peculiar Touch. Considering the scale and bulk of his work, it is a trifle startling to see Liberman in his studio among the woods of Warren, Conn.; by what power does this wrenlike Russian contrive to lug about and assemble immense steel objects, which run to 25 ft. in height and several tons in weight? The prosaic answer is that he has an assistant, hoists and a crane; but the preservation of Liberman's peculiar touch on such a scale is impressive. Where,



MASSIVE CONSTRUCTIONS ON DISPLAY IN MANHATTAN'S HAMMARSKJÖLD PLAZA

a designer of objects rather than a maker of acts and images. Indeed, Liberman is the antitype of "the American artist," for he has always distained to specialize. "The type I admire," he says, "is the ancient Chinese administrator who as a matter of course painted fine scrolls and wrote excellent verse too. It's nonsense to say you are spread thin if you do many things. It gives you the chance to live more lives." As a result, Liberman's efforts over the past 20 years have restored some lost dignity to the idea of amateurism. Master of several trades but jack of none, he has been student of philosophy, mathematics and architecture, painter, photographer, editor, writer and sculptor, and done it all with a degree of *sprezzatura*, that peculiar term by which the 15th century Florentines conveyed their praise of a

angle to a pyramid or a bird's spread wings. With its vertical masts and calm progression of red, sail-like forms, *Odyssey*, one of the monumental sculptures at Hammar skjöld Plaza, suggests an archaic flotilla dipping through the Aegean. Sometimes a sculpture will work not as an object but as a kinetic metaphor of force. *Ascent* includes a blade of red steel that surges from the ground and appears to crush a cylinder until it is halted and returned to balance by the serene oblong that blocks its path. Even in the most abstract of Liberman's new works like *Above*, 1970, there is a buoyancy that invites physical response: the interlocking red cylinders, with their infoldings of metal skin and turning space, demand to be navigated by the eye as imperiously as a peach demands fondling.

■ Robert Hughes

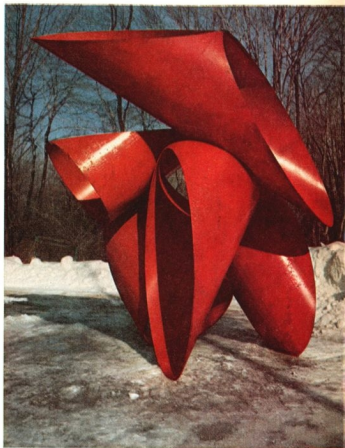


Odyssey, 1970

Alexander Liberman: Artificer in the Steel Yard

Outside Liberman's Connecticut studio, massive welded constructions await shipment to New York City, where they will be installed in the Hammar skjöld Plaza.

Ascent, 1970



Above, 1970

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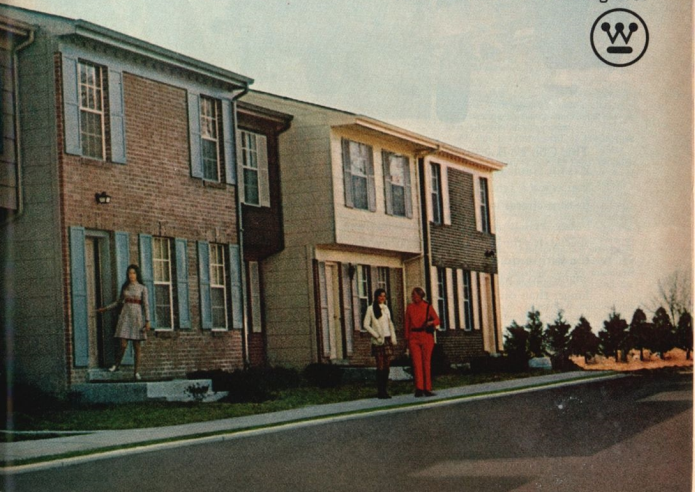
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EDUCATION

Bowker for Berkeley

Governor Ronald Reagan, a master picker of political targets, has long fired his hottest salvos at the University of California. He has rarely missed a board of regents meeting, where his conservative appointees have routinely attacked campus activists and university spending. Yet last week, pleading flu, Reagan missed his second monthly meeting in a row—perhaps, insiders suggested, because he has lately shifted his fire to a new target of opportunity, the welfare mess. The upshot was startling and wholly unexpected: by a comfortable margin, the regents chose a decided liberal to succeed retiring Roger W. Heyns as the new chancellor of Cal-

ifornia. His major accomplishment came last fall when he launched CUNY's "open admissions" program (TIME, Oct. 19). It guaranteed a place at tuition-free CUNY to any city high school graduate, regardless of his academic record, plus massive doses of tutoring and counseling for students who would otherwise flunk out. Such egalitarianism shocked critics, who feared the loss of CUNY's intellectual distinction. Vice President Agnew denounced the plan as a giveaway of "100,000 devalued diplomas." So far, the program has stretched CUNY's academic quality but not snapped it.

Born in Winchendon, Mass., Bowker earned degrees at M.I.T. and Columbia and became a leading mathematical stat-



CHANCELLOR-ELECT BOWKER WITH CITY COLLEGE STUDENTS
Startling upshot.

ifornia's most controversial campus, Berkeley.

Their choice is Albert H. Bowker, 51, chancellor of the City University of New York. Said Regent William M. Roth: "This is a hopeful sign that the whole university community can come together." For CUNY Board Chairman Frederick Burkhardt, it was something else. "They say no man is irreplaceable," he said. "But right now I find that very hard to believe."

Breathtaking Expansion. During his eight years at CUNY, Bowker has indeed become an irreplaceable crisis manager and shrewd lobbyist for city and state funds. Disarmingly low-keyed and rumpled (he looks, say aides, "like an unmade bed"), he has charmed state legislators and plugged his office into New York politics by installing hot lines to both Mayor John Lindsay and Governor Nelson Rockefeller. As a result, he has engineered a breathtaking expansion of both CUNY's enrollment (now 195,000) and its commitment to solving urban

problems. As dean of the Stanford graduate school, he sharply improved its faculty, then left in 1963 to create a first-rate graduate program at CUNY. Because of his unusual record of academic, political and social expertise, University of California President Charles J. Hitch recommended only one man to head Berkeley—Bowker.

Bowker is leaving CUNY at a time when city funds are getting tighter and the university's rate of budget growth is likely to start declining. He will stick through this year's budget crisis, which he admits is "catastrophic," and then tackle more of the same at Berkeley. His first priority: salvaging the cuts in Berkeley's staff (110 teaching positions this year) that Governor Reagan's parsimonious budgets have made necessary. That task, in fact, may be a relief after the strain of running CUNY's 20 units, which he seldom had time to even visit. At Berkeley (a mere 28,000 students), says Bowker, he will happily "return to campus life."

Chaos and Learning: The Free Schools

*I want high school report cards to look like this:
Playing with Gentle Glass Things—A
Computer Magic—A
Writing Letters to Those You Love—A
Finding out about Fish—A
Marcia's Long Blonde Beauty—A+!*

So wrote Richard Brautigan in his poem "Gee, You're So Beautiful That It's Starting to Rain." In this spirit, growing disenchantment with U.S. public schools has produced a new alternative in virtually every state: small, mostly private "free" schools. Influenced by reformist manifestos like John Holt's *How Children Fail*, more than 800 of them are now run by diverse idealists—suburban mothers, ghetto blacks, former campus radicals. Their mood is typified by exotic school names: The Mind Restaurant (Phoenix), The Elizabeth Cleaners (Manhattan), Stone Soup (Longwood, Fla.), All Together Now (Venice, Calif.). Their future is suggested by an outburst of how-to-do-it information. In Santa Barbara, Calif., the New Schools Exchange publishes a newsletter that now boasts 100,000 subscribers.

Emotional Development. Many free schools collapse after 18 months. Still, three major types are surviving, clustered in California, New England and the Great Lakes region. In black ghettos, storefront street academies offer the rigorous college preparation that few minorities get in city public schools. In rural areas, counterculture whites run farmhouse schools that stress agrarian survival skills. Most common are free schools dominated by middle-class parents seeking to foster emotional as well as intellectual development.

All this is reminiscent of progressive education in the late 1920s, when a wave of eccentric schools were founded to carry out the earnest theories of John Dewey and other educational philosophers. Free schools, though, are motivated less by ideology than by despair with public education. Sensing that despair, in fact, some big public school systems are creating their own versions of free schools. Philadelphia's Parkway School, for example, holds classes not in a school building but in museums and business establishments around the city.

Like so many other U.S. educational reforms, such experiments may well succumb to official caution and orthodoxy. Still, thanks to free schools, it is just possible that quite a few public school kids will some day get a chance to earn A's for Playing with Gentle Glass Things or Writing Letters to Those You Love. To examine one of the freest models, TIME Correspondent Barry Hillenbrand last week visited the Exploring Family School, 12 miles from San Diego in El Cajon, Calif., comparing it

with his experiences as a history teacher in the Peace Corps and the Los Angeles public schools. His report:

A big kid in blue jeans ambled up to a cluster of others, aged five to 18, sitting under an avocado tree. "Does anybody know where the algebra book is?" he asked. It seemed there were only two, and one was last seen "on the blue table under a pile of crap and stuff." Pointing at a beat-up 1952 Chevrolet that reminds the kids of hoodlum movies, a boy suggested, "Look in the gangster car." The big kid eventually found the book—and someone to teach him a lesson from. But a visitor had to ask: Is this education?

For anyone who has ever been a teacher, alternately decrying and perpetuating

Diego State College. His 43 students are heterogeneous, to say the least. Because of careful recruiting, tuition of \$65 a month and scholarships, one-third of the kids are progeny of lawyers and professors; one-third are children of poor people and welfare recipients. The rest are children of blue-collar workers, as well as offspring of rock musicians, students and craftsmen.

Exploring Family rents a 13-acre avocado farm for \$450 a month plus the labor of watering 300 trees. There are only two rules: no drugs on school property, and no dogs inside the bungalow. The only schedule involves sporadic sessions on Women's Lib and natural science, and an optional morning meeting. Attendance is never taken. At one meeting a teacher named Anne (only first

often because of—the bedlam, recognizable learning is taking place. One six-year-old did little but play for six months. Finally he realized that he wanted to learn to read; now he is churning through armloads of library books.

Kathy, a part-time staff member, read from a collection of essays by black authors to three kids stretched out on the dry, brown grass. The kids listened, asked a few questions, made a few remarks and then gave up for the day on that topic. I have seen formal seminars at Exeter that had more content in two minutes than this one did in 20. But I have also taught classes in public high schools that did not approach this informal session in interest and attention.

Other learning comes as a byproduct of what seems to be play. On "inflatable day," a local sculptor who uses giant plastic bags brought his materials and let kids blow them up. Soon the staff and the kids were posing questions like: How much air is inside? How long could you live in there? What holds it up? In crafts, says Jimmie House, an American Indian on the staff, even kids who hate math "have to measure the leather, and sooner or later it comes down to adding and subtracting."

People's Vet. This is education in small pieces. One teen-ager with hair down to his shoulders spent the morning helping Rowell balance the school books. To think of his spending three hours in a high school bookkeeping course seemed beyond belief; yet in effect, that is what this kid was doing. A 14-year-old girl who was cutting classes and popping pills at the local high school last year is now completely off drugs and gives lectures on E.F.S. at nearby colleges. A 15-year-old girl with a passion for animals wants to be a veterinarian and is undismayed that E.F.S. may not be able to give her the proper preparation for a college vet program. She will learn about animals, she says, by "apprenticing"—and indeed, the rise of apprenticeship programs in several states may yet enable her to become what she calls a "people's vet."

Being an Exploring Family parent can be trying. Milo Clark, 39, a Williams- and Harvard-educated former business consultant who now runs a crafts shop, says he has difficulty adjusting to his four kids' sassiness and indifference to spelling. Nonetheless, he is determined "not to set standards of achievement for them the way they were set for me. Let them discover for themselves where they are heading." Like most free schools, Exploring Family is having financial trouble, but Rowell already has enough students interested in coming back next year to ensure the school's reopening. He does not think everyone should go to a free school, but he aims to develop his version in order to help public schools as well as discontented kids. "As long as we can stay open and show the regular system that there is another way of doing things," he says, "then there's a possibility that the system will change."



ROWELL (WITH BABY) & STUDENTS AT EXPLORING FAMILY SCHOOL
The biggest gift is freedom to be interested.

the rigid system that nails those little brats fearfully to their seats with obedient bodies but closed minds, the Exploring Family School is gloriously hopeful—and frightening. Instead of tidy classrooms, there is weightlifting in a shanty called the music room. And all those wild-looking kids running around. Within a period of three hours, I got squirted with water, pinched by an incipient Lolita and hit in the back with a rock-hard, organically grown orange, which strayed from a ball game. Unsupervised by adults, kids of all ages did incredible gymnastic feats on a rope strung between two trees. In the main room of a green bungalow, the school's chief structure, four girls and a boy strung beads to be sold at a fund-raising fair, while two girls did mathematical crossword puzzles and talked ("Do you know it will cost \$7 to have my horse's teeth ground down?"). It was educational chaos.

No Drugs or Dogs. Founded by local parents two years ago, Exploring Family is supervised by Lonnie Rowell, 24, who once ran an experimental college while an undergraduate at San

names, please) gently asked: "Can people start getting here at 9 o'clock?" Answer: "But we did, and nobody was here."

Surrounded by Choice. Despite the seeming anarchy, Rowell and his staff firmly believe in teaching math, reading and writing. The school has a high ratio of adults (all under 25) to kids, despite salaries of only \$100 a month. There are five full-time teachers. In addition, a dozen local artists and professors do volunteer teaching. Older kids teach younger ones. Still, "classes" meet only when children come looking for things "to get into." The school's chief gift is the freedom to be interested—in anything at all.

"When people are surrounded by choice," says Rowell, "they at first want to choose everything, and so they often complete nothing. Sooner or later, the people here see that learning is interesting. But it's a slow process. We are in a transitional stage now; many of the students are beginning to settle down and stick with projects for a longer time." He is right. In spite of—and

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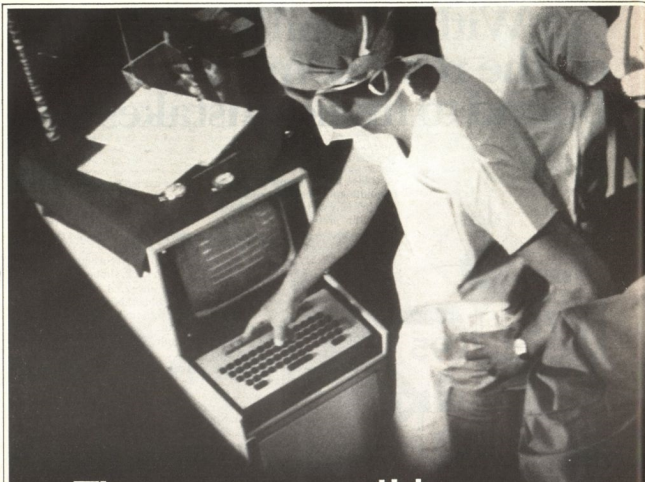
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Vermont Medical Center Hospital and the community of Burlington. A similar unit serves St. Vincent Hospital in Worcester, Massachusetts. Just a beginning, but there are more to come.

ITT and you

These developments are but two examples of how we respond to the changing needs of our changing world. And which together with our other activities, ranging from food preservation to weather-satellite camera systems, can mean a happier and, hopefully, a longer life for you and people everywhere.

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ITT

SERVING PEOPLE AND NATIONS EVERYWHERE

BUSINESS

Why Companies Are Fleeing the Cities

LONG exposure has injured New York City dwellers to daily outrages of high cost and crime, filth and crowding, discourtesy and inconvenience. Increasingly, the traumas of life in Manhattan are becoming more than many major companies are willing to bear. In the past four years, 22 large firms have moved their headquarters out of the city, and at least eleven more have made definite plans to depart (see box). Another two dozen are seriously considering whether or not to leave. Still other companies—including A.T. & T., Borden, Eastern Air Lines, Grolier, Mobil Oil and Uniroyal—have kept their home offices in Manhattan but have moved or soon will move a significant part of their staffs out of town. The fig-

is the astronomical (and still soaring) cost of living and doing business in Manhattan. Almost everything is more expensive than anywhere else in the U.S.: rents, land, labor, taxes, meals, entertainment and even some forms of genteel bribery. The Bureau of Labor Statistics calculates that living in the New York City area costs executives 16% more than in Los Angeles or Chicago, 20% more than in Detroit, 28% more than in Dallas. Young executives are more and more reluctant to accept a transfer to New York, a move once coveted as the badge of success. At General Telephone & Electronics Corp., which will go to Stamford, Conn., in 1973, the rate of refusal was 1 in 20 in 1968; it rose to 1 in 2 last year.

tage and the pocketbook. Already skirting municipal bankruptcy, despite the highest per capita tax load in the U.S., the city cannot afford a commercial hemorrhage. Trade and finance are the city's lifeblood, the main creators of new jobs and a major source of taxes, nourishing its coffers as well as its culture. Unless the outward migration of offices is reversed, even federal revenue sharing seems unlikely to keep New York from losing its economic vitality along with its solvency.

Like Pompeii. Companies are also departing a few other big cities. Last year 43 firms moved from St. Louis to its suburbs in spite of the city's effort to retain them by making tax concessions. In Detroit, the migration has turned



AMERICAN CAN'S OFFICES IN GREENWICH, CONN.

DAVID SARR



PEPSICO'S HEADQUARTERS IN PURCHASE, N.Y.

Lower costs, higher morale and more than a 24½-hour week.

ures, compiled by TIME with the aid of the Fantus Co., a leading adviser to companies considering relocation, show that the exodus from Manhattan is speeding up ominously. Fantus Chairman Leonard Yaseen says that "three-quarters of the top 200 companies in New York City are either moving or thinking of moving."

The dispersal takes several directions. The oil industry is moving out of New York to Houston, and at least nine trade associations have shifted their head offices to the Washington, D.C., area in the past two years. The overwhelming majority of the movers are heading for the nearby suburbs.

Skirting Bankruptcy. All the familiar ills of the city play a part in the decisions to move: the housing shortage, spastic transit facilities, increasing air pollution, drug addiction, burglaries and muggings, low-caliber public schools, public-be-damned municipal employees. Probably the most common complaint

Though companies are always reluctant to move, the frustrations pile up to a point that overcomes the traditional advantage of operating in the heart of the metropolis: quick access to other people and specialized services. "Thievery, thievery, thievery," says James W. Kettle, senior vice president of Stauffer Chemical Co. "We lose clocks, typewriters and adding machines. Secretaries lose handbags. We've had five bombing threats lately. It's hard for anybody to get to work on time. When customers phone us with an order, they can't even get through to our switchboard."

Even with the defections, Mayor John Lindsay's city runs no immediate risk of losing its standing as the nation's corporate capital. Of the 500 largest industrial companies, as measured in last May's FORTUNE list, 125 have their headquarters in Manhattan. The growing exodus, however, hits troubled New York City where it hurts the most: in pres-

into such a stampede that former Mayor Jerome Cavanagh cracks that he plans trips to "Detroit's sister cities—Nagasaki and Pompeii." Pan American and Delta airlines recently shifted their downtown sales and reservations offices to suburban Southfield, which has also attracted the headquarters of Advance Mortgage Corp. The publishing firm of R.L. Polk and the Michigan Automobile Club are about to quit the city. Circus World is moving its toy warehouse from the fringe of the ghetto to Royal Oak to escape break-ins (80 in six months), fire bombs, sniper bullets, and what President Sidney Rubin calls "almost continual stoning." Laments Rubin: "We had to put our crews on 24-hour shifts to protect the property. No private security patrol would take us as a client. We feared for the safety of our employees."

The crushing blow to civic pride fell when William Ford (brother of Henry) announced that he would move his foot-



DRAWING BY DONALD REILLY © 1971 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE

"AND THEN LINDSAY STRODE INTO THE BOARD MEETING BRANDISHING THIS FLAMING SWORD AND SAID 'WOE UNTO HIM WHO MOVES HIS CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS OUT TO THE SUBURBS.'"

ball Lions to suburban Pontiac. Only the certain wrath of city officials keeps J.L. Hudson Co. from shutting its main department store, which suffered \$9,000,000 worth of pilferage last year. "We would close the downtown store in a minute if we could do it without being crucified," admits one Hudson executive. With mordant humor, a banner at a recent press-club banquet asked: WILL THE LAST COMPANY TO LEAVE DETROIT PLEASE TURN OFF THE LIGHTS?

Company-losing cities have several difficulties in common. All are old as U.S. cities go; all are financially strapped and suffering from a physical decay that urban renewal has attacked but failed to cure. All the loser cities have experienced racial strife along with a rapid increase in their black populations. Businessmen are now simply following the white middle class to suburbia. Understandable as their individual decisions are, they are widening the chasm of race and class in many U.S. metropolitan areas.

Phantom Work. In New York, all the problems are magnified. During the 1960s, for example, the city lost some 617,000 white residents with a median education of 11.9 years, but gained 579,000 blacks, most of whom have significantly less schooling. Many of the newcomers are ill trained to hold office jobs. At the same time, with Manhattan's glamour fading, fewer well-trained young women move to the city looking for a career—or a husband. So there is an acute shortage of clerical workers, especially secretaries.

Executives frequently complain about low productivity among clerical help of all races. Many large companies now experience a 50% annual turnover of some types of office workers. The cumulative result, insists Fantus' Yaseen, is "the phantom work week." Theoretically, most female office employees in New York City work 35 hours a week (v. about 40 hours in most areas outside the Northeast), but Yaseen contends that coffee breaks, tardiness, absences, holidays and goofing off reduce actual working time to about 24½ hours.

Last year he moved most of Fantus' operations to South Orange, N.J., because "in Manhattan I couldn't hire clerical people who could spell the names of cities, or who knew what state Los Angeles is in."

Executives of companies that have taken the suburban leap insist that it was worthwhile. Manhattan morale and office productivity rise, they say, and frequently costs are cut or checked. Donald M. Kendall, president of PepsiCo Inc., points to an annual saving of \$1,500,000 on space alone at the company's new headquarters in suburban Purchase, N.Y. At American Can Co., which moved a year ago to a 180-acre office campus in Greenwich, Conn., Vice President Melvin M. Nield says: "On every count it has worked better than we expected." "This is an easier way to operate a business," says Kendrick R. Wilson, chairman of Avco, which moved to Greenwich in 1969. "I'm putting in at least an hour a day more at work, and two hours' less commuting. What I like best is that when the end of the day comes, I can look out the window and think—and not have to worry about that damned train schedule or traffic on the throughway."

The Counterattack. Whether suburbia will retain its allure has become a topic of rancorous debate. Mayor Lindsay and other officials argue that suburban towns lack low-priced housing, mass transportation and enough space to accommodate more than a token number of big companies. For the long run, suburban resistance to paper-work factories may prove to be an important obstacle to corporate moves. Rezoning is already becoming hard to arrange in sylvan locations. If companies continue to forsake Manhattan, says D. Kenneth Patton, New York City's economic development administrator, "we will Los Angelesize our land, Balkanize our region's finances and South Africanize our economy."

The location of expanding office activities may well be a key determinant of the nation's urban condition—municipal solvency, racial harmony, environmental amenity and economic efficiency—for the rest of the century. In a major study early this year, the privately financed Regional Plan Association predicted that if present economic trends continue, white-collar employment in the U.S. by 1980 will exceed all other kinds of jobs combined. Partly because many companies are expected to expand even though numbers of others may de-

part, the R.P.A. forecasts, Manhattan may gain 500,000 office jobs by the end of the century; but surrounding cities may add twice that number. The pattern of this growth, the association warned, "can either save the cities or destroy the countryside."

Red Tape. Instead of scattering their suburban offices on parklike campuses, the association contends, companies should concentrate them in clusters, preferably in such existing centers as Poughkeepsie or Bridgeport, where they require only one-twentieth as much land and can be served by mass transit. Even in Manhattan, where an office worker needs only 1% as much land as in suburban office parks, congestion could be avoided by better planning. "If offices bypass city centers," predicts Morris Crawford, chairman both of the R.P.A. and front-ranking Bowery Savings Bank, "all institutions will gradually turn their backs on the older cities and the people who cannot afford to leave them."

As long as central cities stagger under today's burdens of poverty and crime, and strangle their own renewal with red tape, Crawford concedes, corporations are likely to continue moving out. After all, companies make a choice based on conditions that they cannot individually change. The voracious space demands of the private auto, the great northward movement of poor and undereducated

Manhattan's Dropouts

Since the beginning of 1967, these large companies have moved their headquarters out of Manhattan:

Company	1970 Sales (in millions)	New Location
American Can	\$1,838	Greenwich, Conn.
Avco	758	Greenwich
Bangor Punta	342	Greenwich
BASF (U.S. Division)	56	Parishipp, N.J.
Columbia Gas System	823	Wilmington, Del.
CPC (Corn Products)	1,376	Englewood Cliffs, N.J.
Fintekote	355	White Plains, N.Y.
Foster Wheeler	391	Livingston, N.J.
Hooker Chemical	N.A.*	Stamford, Conn.
Howmet	220	Greenwich
ICI America	67	Stamford
M.W. Kellogg	N.A.	Houston, Texas
Lone Star Cement	265	Greenwich
Luminis	192	Bloomfield, N.J.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer	371	Culver City, Calif.
Microdot	155	Greenwich
Olin	1,125	Stamford
Panhandle Eastern Pipe Line	419	Houston
PepsiCo	N.A.	Purchase, N.Y.
States Marine International	123	Stamford
Union Camp	462	Wayne, N.J.
U.S. Tobacco	86	Greenwich

The following major corporations are in the process of moving their headquarters out of Manhattan:

Company	1970 Sales (in millions)	Destination
AMF	\$636	White Plains
Chesebrough-Pond's	261	Greenwich
Combustion Engineering	957	Stamford
Continental Oil	2,964	Stamford
Gen Tel & El	3,439	Stamford
Great Northern Paper	355	Stamford
Ingersoll-Rand	766	Woodcliff Lake, N.J.
Kraft	737	Chicago
Richardson-Merrell	381	Southern Connecticut
Shell Oil	4,299	Houston
Stauffer Chemical	483	Westport, Conn.

* Figure not available.

blacks, the ugly repercussions of heroin addiction do not necessarily mean that some big cities must wither away. But urban problems require a much greater—and better coordinated—counterattack by government at all levels before private enterprise can be expected to rise more than token resources in the salvation effort.

CHINA

The Little Red Order Book

Even before President Nixon lifted the embargo on direct trade with China (see *THE WORLD*), some of America's largest companies were breaking into Mao's market. Among them: General Motors, Monsanto, Hercules, Cummins Engine and American Optical. U.S. business with the Chinese has risen from nothing in 1969, when the Administration first began easing trade restrictions, to \$3,500,000 last year.

All of the deals have been made through the third parties or foreign subsidiaries of U.S. firms. American companies have been barred from doing business directly with China, and Peking has professed a distaste for dealing head-on with "American imperialists." Even Ping Pong diplomacy has not yet changed the official stance of the Chinese, but they have no ideological objections to buying from U.S. subsidiaries.

American Optical, through its Austrian subsidiary, has sold medical research microscopes to China. Overseas branches of Monsanto have shipped a variety of chemicals, including materials for aspirin and rubber. The subsidiaries are forbidden by the U.S. Government to sell any of 600 "strategic items," but the embargo list leaves plenty of room for trade. General Motors, for example, sold \$682,000 worth of diesel engines and spare parts in 1970 to Roberto Perlini Co., an Italian truck manufacturer, who sent them to China along with 80 Perlini trucks.

Bulldozers and Cashmere. The Commerce Department is preparing a new list of items for direct sale to China. The list will ban the export of almost all industrial goods but is likely to permit sales of pharmaceuticals, foods and other commodities. The Chinese appear to want a great many American products, particularly the forbidden items, including delicate research equipment, bulldozers and trucks. But Peking has little to offer in return, aside from hog bristles, cashmere, embroidered silk and linen, tung oil and some rare metals. Hercules, Inc. is the only U.S. company known to have bought any Chinese goods recently: \$1,000,000 worth of resin acquired through a London broker.

The Chinese do, however, have surprisingly large reserves of hard Western currency. They always pay their bills in convertible currencies, often Swiss francs. The money comes from the sale abroad of Chinese foodstuffs, textiles, flashlights, bicycles and other small man-

ufactured goods. The customers who supply the cash are mostly in Asia, and they gladly dip into their own meager reserves. "Frankly," says a Republic of Singapore trade official, "the Chinese goods help dampen inflation here because they're so cheap."

A Lot of Aspirin. China's foreign trade was up 10% last year to \$4.2 billion, and is growing faster now that the country is abandoning self-imposed isolation. Fully four-fifths of China's trade is with non-Communist partners, notably Hong Kong, West Germany, Britain and Australia. Japan, by far the People's Republic's most important trade partner, may do as much as \$1 billion worth of business with Peking this year. For this privilege, a delegation of top Japanese businessmen must make a yearly pilgrimage to Peking to sign, along with a trade agreement, a communiqué denouncing their own government. This year's "annual humiliation," as the Tokyo press calls it, contained a new section excoriating Japanese militarism.

The China market may be worth as



RED CHINESE AUTO EXHIBIT IN PARIS
A tough customer that pays in hard cash.

much as \$7 billion to Japan in a few years. Some Administration officials estimate that U.S.-China trade could eventually reach \$300 million a year. But Harold Scott, director of the U.S. Bureau of International Commerce, says that the list of items permitted in trade with China will be too restrictive to expect even that much. After a decade of direct trading, he points out, the U.S. still sells only \$450 million worth of goods annually to the Communist nations of Eastern Europe. Still, some American businessmen are greatly encouraged by the opportunities presented by China's 740 million potential customers. "You just can't look at a market of that size," says a Monsanto spokesman, "and not believe that eventually a lot of goods are going to be sold there. Just one aspirin tablet a day to each of those guys—and that's a lot of aspirin."

Paying on Time. Until now, American businessmen have been afraid that their Stateside customers might not like the idea of their doing business with the Chinese Communists. As a result, most of the deals made by U.S. subsidiaries so

far have been concluded quietly. Representatives of U.S. firms use Chinese-speaking middlemen who operate primarily out of Austria, Switzerland, Britain, Australia and Japan. The middlemen bargain with officials of Chinese state enterprises, while the U.S. clients hide out in hotel rooms. The bargaining, as many impatient Americans have learned, is often long and drawn out.

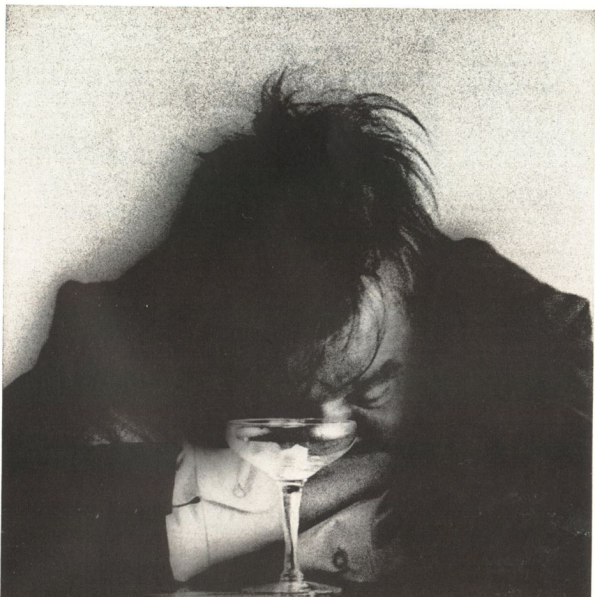
Dealing directly with the Chinese can also be tough. "Any businessman who thinks he can fly in one day and have a reservation out the next, is not going to do much business in China," says former Canadian Agriculture Minister Alvin Hamilton. His agents once spent six excruciating weeks working out a wheat deal with the Communists. "They're difficult to deal with," according to one London banker. "They want



SELLING MAINLAND GOODS IN HONG KONG

to re-examine every *i* and *r* before they dot and cross them." But, adds a Canadian banker, "they're strictly honorable in adhering to their agreements. They pay their debts promptly."

Other Western businessmen who have dealt with the Chinese report that negotiations were often prefaced with days of ideological interrogation and political lectures. Recent Japanese visitors say that the political instruction is down to as little as half an hour. "They used to take us out to dinner," recalls Ralph G. Keefer, president of a Montreal import-export firm. "Now they take us to the Peking Revolutionary Opera. It's nearly always loaded with political overtones." According to Keefer, who has visited the mainland a dozen times, "everyone is nice and polite. They do tend to be political from time to time. Until we get to the business part." Then the



According to the law in many of our states, this man is sober enough to drive.

In these states, the average man is falling down drunk long before he reaches the blood alcohol level that allows his conviction for drunk driving. Because drunk drivers will kill 30,000 of us on the highways this year, we believe these state

laws should be changed. If your state is one of those that hasn't adopted the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's recommended blood alcohol standard of .10% for drunk driving conviction, speak up for it in your community. Get

the clubs and organizations you belong to behind it. If your state has this standard, support your police and judges in the enforcement of it.



STATE FARM MUTUAL AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois

Chinese are all business. They never give a discount for large orders or pay a premium for attractive delivery terms. To anyone's knowledge, the Chinese have not once agreed to a sale on anything but their own conditions.

THE ECONOMY

Making Progress Slowly

In its determined campaign to make 1971 the year of economic turn-around, the Nixon Administration hoped to start off fast. Last week the preliminary first quarter results showed that the gross national product soared by far its biggest three-month dollar increase in history, rising \$28.5 billion over last year's fourth quarter, which was severely depressed by the strike at General Motors. The G.N.P. ran at an annual rate of \$1,018 billion in the first quarter, compared with \$959.5 billion in the first quarter of 1970. Though the early 1971 jump was strong, it was less than the \$30 billion average quarterly rise needed to reach a 1971 G.N.P. of \$1,065 billion—the recovery target set by President Nixon late last year. Some of the other quarterly results left doubt that the economy, even though finally moving again, has gathered much momentum.

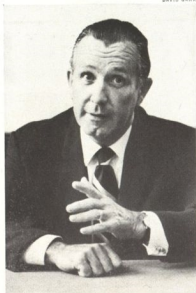
Two-thirds of the gain in G.N.P. was due to catch-up orders in the auto industry after the strike. The trend of overall industrial production was disappointing. After increasing early in the quarter, factory output fell in February and rose only .2% in March, to 165.2% of the 1957-59 base. Moreover, some of the quarter's steel production was merely the result of hedge buying by customers against the likelihood of a strike in August. General Motors, for example, is building a 90-day steel supply, compared with its normal 30-day stockpile. Steel customers are thus creating a built-in slack for the industry later in the year, whether or not it is actually hit by a walkout.

A second brake on the turn-around is the continuing caution of consumers, who saved a high 7.2% of their income during the quarter. They have begun to buy some expensive items, notably houses and cars. Compared with the same period last year, auto sales rose 13% in March and a record-setting 32% in the first ten days of April, keeping alive Detroit's hopes for a 10-million-car year. But in retail stores, appliances, furniture and other consumer durables are selling slowly. Says Ralph Lazarus, chairman of Federated Department Stores: "The trend has not improved in big-ticket merchandise. If it continues this way, we will have an increase only in apparel sales this year."

"Inflation Alert." What continues to disturb buyers is unemployment and inflation. The G.N.P. price index rose at an annual rate of 5.2% in the first quarter v. 5.9% in last year's fourth quarter. Last week President Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers condemned the 13% wage increase recently won by steel

workers in the can industry as "clearly in excess of" productivity gains. The council warned that any such settlement granted to workers in the steel industry at large during this summer's negotiations could be ruinous to the industry's competitive position abroad. This was the first CEA "inflation alert" that sought to influence a pending contract, and it thus brought Nixon one reluctant step closer to forming an official incomes policy. As he continues to pursue the goal of a healthy economy long before Election Day 1972, the President may well have to take more decisive steps.

DAVID GANN



DONALD REGAN
Ahead of the herd.

INVESTMENT

New Money for Merrill Lynch

The hints have been popping up on Wall Street for months that Merrill Lynch would sell its own shares to the public. Last week the men who manage the nation's biggest brokerage firm decided that the new-issue market was finally healthy enough to do just that. They announced a plan to sell up to 4,000,000 shares, half for the firm and the remainder for its private stockholders, who are mostly officers and employees. The offering, which will probably be made in late May or early June, will represent 13% of the firm's equity. The move could well start a rush by other Wall Street firms to market some of their closely held shares to the public. Among the next likely to do so are Bache & Co., Reynolds & Co., Dean Witter & Co., Walston & Co. and F.I. du Pont, Glorie Forgan.

Because most investment firms operate with private, transitory financing, an inflow of permanent capital would stabilize the business and afford more protection to investors. Wall Street is being forced toward public ownership by changing ground rules in the secu-

rities market. Increased competition caused by the shift to negotiated rates is an inducement for more firms to get into profitable big-block trading. But the firms normally have to buy these blocks before they can sell them among investors, and this requires considerable capital. In addition, the New York Stock Exchange is planning to tighten its capital requirements; instead of a 20-to-1 maximum ratio of liabilities to assets, it will demand 15 to 1.

Merrill Lynch, which under Chairman Donald Regan has become the best managed house in the business, is in a strong position to issue its shares. Last year, when many other brokerage firms barely stayed afloat, the firm earned \$40.7 million. Though its general brokerage business was sluggish, it made money on commodities trading and notably its Government bond trading operation. In the first quarter of this year, as stock trading surged back, Merrill Lynch earned an estimated \$25 million.

The firm is expected to make \$40 million by offering its shares at \$20 to \$24. That would amount to a conservative ratio of 15 times or 18 times last year's earnings of \$1.35 a share. Nobody would be surprised if the shares jumped to a premium.

PROXY FIGHTS

War of the Noses

Business, as every board-room veteran knows, is an extension of war by more gentlemanly means. When titans collide, the noises of battle rarely escape carpeted corridors, and body counts are concealed in footnotes to the annual report. Today there is a revival of a more visible form of corporate clash: the proxy fight. Already this year, at least a dozen proxy suits have been filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission. At that rate, the all-time record of 21 in 1958 is almost certain to be eclipsed.

Battles are under way for control of Twentieth Century Fox, Universal Container, Ozark Airlines, Midas International and other major companies. In many instances, the attackers are not professional raiders but insiders—men who sold their firms for stock in big companies during the heady 1960s, then watched in dismay as the shares crumbled last year. Perhaps the fiercest fight pits the management of GAF Corp., which makes chemical and photo products, against Former Director Seymour Milstein, his family and friends. Milstein is upset by what he calls poor performance by the men who bought out his Ruberoid Co. in 1967. GAF Chairman Jesse Werner contends that the company is on the road to recovery. The struggle is a classroom case on how to conduct a proxy battle:

LESSON ONE. Acquire a monopoly of firepower. GAF management signed up three of the nation's four big proxy solicitation firms, which make battle plans

Which of these cities has the least unemployment?



Boston



New York



Philadelphia



Chicago



St. Louis



San Francisco



Los Angeles

Over 4 million people in this country are unemployed. And many of them live in the big cities. Out of these seven cities, Chicago has the least unemployment.* Of course, statistics don't help you very much if you're out of work.

There's a CBS Owned AM radio station in each of these seven cities. And they're trying to help people who need jobs. Our stations feel responsible to over 60 million people, so there's a lot to be done.

Boston has really been hard hit by the cutbacks in the electronics industry. So WEEI Newsradio is busy working with a job clearing house to get people off the unemployment lines and back to work.

WCAU has been publicly commended by the city of Philadelphia for "blazing a new trail" with its *Career Fair*. Over 50,000 young people have come to *Career Fair* to meet potential employers through the use of electronic computer methods.

When the seven CBS Owned radio stations aren't busy reporting the news of the day, they're also searching for solutions to problems like drug abuse, crime, and the high cost of living.

Because we think there's a lot more to our job than just finding jobs.

The CBS Owned AM Stations

We feel responsible to over 60 million people.

WEEI Newsradio 59, Boston
WCBS Newsradio 88, New York
WCAU Radio 121, Philadelphia
WBMM Newsradio 78, Chicago
KMOX Radio 1120, St. Louis
KCBS Newsradio 74, San Francisco
KNX Newsradio 1070, Los Angeles
Represented by CBS Radio Spot Sales

as well as send out proxy statements, including by far the largest, Georgeson & Co. With its in-house computer, the only one in the business, Georgeson can tabulate signed proxy statements as they come in and quickly shift its attack to the proper flank. If support appears to be weak in, say, Western Ohio, the machine can print out a list of stockholders from that area for telephone canvassers to work on. Some 500 to 600 professional solicitors, lawyers and public relations advisers are involved on both sides of the GAF struggle.

LESSON TWO. Engage the enemy far from your trench line. In the freewheeling 1950s intelligent managements sought to keep their lists of stockholders out of dissidents' hands as long as possible. Rather than use a series of expensive legal obstacles, GAF declined to furnish the challengers with the computer tape of the list and made them copy it by hand.

LESSON THREE. Fight dirty. In screaming, full-page newspaper ads and proxy mailings, Milstein's faction has accused the management of setting up a stock-option plan that became a "grab bag" for senior officers, and of using \$600,000 of company funds to solicit proxies to reelect itself. The company has retaliated with allegations that one of the challengers is a director of a firm in competition with GAF, that another bought his first 100 shares of stock only a few weeks ago, and that Milstein "has not been employed in a full-time job since December 1967." GAF management says that the Milstein faction is spending \$750,000 to gain control of the company.

The proxy count will not be completed until the end of this week or later. Many fight fans are willing to wager that even bigger proxy wars are ahead. There are reports in Wall Street that the next target will be a billion-dollar-a-year company that has more than 200,000 shareholders.

INDUSTRY

Battle of the Belts

Not long ago, the nation's tire industry was traveling a bumpy road. Safety crusaders had undermined public confidence in its standard product, the so-called "bias ply" tire, and worried manufacturers began experimenting with new designs and materials. That led to one of the most rapid, jarring turnabouts in the industry's history.

Goodyear, the biggest wheel in the business, swung over to safer, more durable and costlier "bias belted" tires. The company's \$20 million advertising campaign, featuring sporty cars and racy women, created a runaway demand for its belted models. In 1968 more than 93% of new cars came with the old bias-ply tires; but 85% of the 1970 models were equipped with the new belted ones.

The other major tiremakers—Fire-

stone, Uniroyal, B.F. Goodrich and General Tire—made quick and expensive production changeovers to get in on the belted bonanza. Most of them have now regained lost ground in the market, which includes \$3.8 billion a year in replacement purchases and the \$700 million spent on equipping new cars. Recently several major tiremakers stepped up the competitive pace by put-

much more stability and wear longer than bias-beltd tires.

The radials have been standard equipment in Europe for almost 15 years but make up only 4% of the U.S. market. Sales have been slowed partly because radials, most of them imports, cost an average of about \$54.50 each v. an average \$49.50 for the bias-beltd tires. More important, because the suspension system of most Detroit cars is built for bias-ply or beltd tires, the stiffer radials give a somewhat harder ride, especially at low speeds. B.F. Goodrich, which in 1965 became the first U.S. company to market radials, reports that they now account for 10% of the company's production.

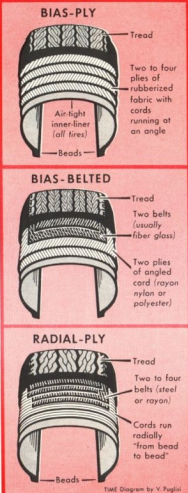
Resisting Fatigue. Another battle is heating up among the companies that supply materials to the tiremakers. For casings, most manufacturers have shifted away from conventional rayon to polyester. They have also adopted fiber glass for belting because of its light weight and great strength. The big beneficiaries have been the producers of fiber glass and polyester—notably Owens Corning and PPG Industries. To compete with them, Du Pont has recently come in with a superstrong synthetic called Fiber B, but at \$2 a pound it is much costlier than fiber glass, which goes for 78¢ a pound.

One of the most promising new belting materials is steel wire. It resists temperature and fatigue better than synthetic fibers, and at 55¢ a pound the price is right. Only one U.S. firm, National Standard, produces tire wire for the domestic market, and its capacity is 10 million lbs. a year. All together, 100 million lbs. of wire would be needed to make steel-beltd tires standard equipment on all new cars.

The shortage may be ending. The American Viscose Division of FMC will start producing steel tire wire. To get the most advanced technology, American Viscose signed a licensing agreement with Pirelli, the Italian tiremaker, which has long used steel wire in its radials. Firestone has begun using steel in some of its bias-beltd tires, and this year opened a plant in France to provide the necessary wire. Monsanto Co. has developed a quick and cheap process for spinning continuous strands of steel wire. The company estimates that production of the wire could reach 200 million lbs. a year by 1975.

Need for Speed. Many tiremakers believe that a big switch to steel belts and radials is probable in five years, but they may have to move faster than that. Foreign competitors are making a major drive, and last year they increased their U.S. volume by 35%, accounting for 6,700,000 of the 170 million tires sold domestically. France's Michelin is building a radial-tire plant in Nova Scotia and intends to export almost the entire output to the U.S. market. And on the West Coast, Japan's Bridgestone has just introduced a steel-beltd radial guaranteed for 40,000 miles.

TUBELESS TIRES



ting out still another variety of tire, the "radial."

What are the differences among these tires? In the bias-ply tires, the rubber tread is attached to a casing made of crisscross layers of rayon or nylon (see diagram). The beltd models are built the same way, but in addition they have two or more rigid belts of fiber glass encircling the tire under the tread. Helped by these extra belts, the tire grips the road better, wears up to 15% or 20% longer, is less likely to be punctured. In the radials, the casing cords run in straight lines instead of a crisscross pattern, and as many as four belts are under the tread. Advocates of radials say that they have

BOOKS

Playing It by Eye

BEING THERE by Jerzy Kosinski. 142 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$4.95.

Few first novels have been embraced with such praise and sympathy as Jerzy Kosinski's *The Painted Bird*—a taut, savage story of a stray city boy's brutalization by Middle European peasants during World War II. Three years after it was published in 1965, Kosinski won the National Book Award for *Steps*, a montage of violent and sadistic episodes perceived with an almost fetishistic precision. *Being There* is a change of pace, a tantalizing knuckle ball of a book delivered with perfectly timed satirical hops and metaphysical flutters.

A good-looking, brain-damaged illiterate named Chance has spent his youth tending a rich man's garden. His only contact with the outside world is TV. To Chance's weak mind, melodramas, news, commercials, sporting events and test patterns all carry equal weight and value. When the rich man dies, Chance has to go out into the world.

Dressed in one of the old man's custom-tailored suits and toting a valise full of elegant haberdashery, he looks like a successful young businessman between jobs. At least that is what the young wife of an old and ailing industrialist thinks when her limousine bruises his leg.

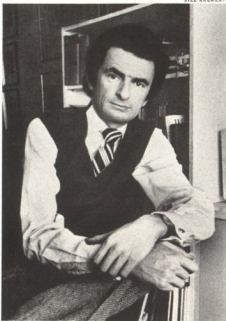
Thereafter, coincidence takes control. "I am Chance the gardener" is heard by the woman as "I am Chauncey Gardiner." When she brings him home for first aid and her husband asks Chance about his business, the simpleton's candid replies are interpreted as wise metaphors. When the President meets Chance while visiting the industrialist, he asks his opinion of the depressed stock market. "In a garden," says Chance, "growth has its season . . . as long as the roots are not severed, all will be well." The President uses the line on TV and credits Chauncey Gardiner. The press assumes he is an economic adviser and lionizes him. Eventually Chance becomes a vice-presidential candidate.

Precision and Balance. Chance's resemblance to Voltaire's Candide ("We must cultivate our garden") and even to Buster Keaton's deadpan clown is fairly obvious. Despite the implausibility of the plot, the precision and balance of Kosinski's laconic prose, and his ability to animate a character who actually has no character at all, make *Being There* much more than the heavily-handed satiric fairy tale it might appear to be. More than an anti-hero, Chance is a non-character—the ultimate spectator—who

reflects Kosinski's concern about the future of free will in the dense milieu of an advanced industrial society.

Kosinski, 37, has lived through—and now makes use of—some of the strongest direct experience that this century has had to offer. Like the six-year-old boy in *The Painted Bird*, he was separated from his Jewish parents during World War II and survived as a waif in the Polish countryside. Like Chance, he suffered a physical injury that left him mute for five years. After the war he was reunited with his parents and placed in a school for the handicapped.

JILL KREWEETZ



JERZY KOSINSKI

Where Candide meets Buster Keaton.

Though he could not talk, he was self-reliant beyond his twelve years, and armed with a feeling of superiority that comes naturally to survivors. In retrospect, Kosinski compared himself to a locked fortress, "making no noise, so no one knew how many troops there really were inside."

Yet the author objects to the notion that *The Painted Bird* is autobiographical. "When you write fiction," he asserts, "the part of you that writes is totally set apart from the part of you that lives your own life." The view is not a quibble but a sophisticated discrimination about the abstracting processes of art. It is also a defense mechanism to keep the author's private self—the source of his creative energy—from the paralysis of being revealed, and so fixed in any one place.

So totally did Kosinski keep his private self apart from his social roles that he became his own most inter-

esting fictional creation. As a political science student (1955-57) at the Communist-controlled Polish Academy of Sciences in Warsaw, he led several lives. On the surface, he was a brilliant student of socialist theory who rose rapidly to an associate professorship. Within, he plotted his escape from the controls that threatened his individuality. A confident master of bureaucratic jargon, Kosinski eventually used the weight of official structure against itself. He invented four fictitious professors to use as references—each with his own stationery, rubber stamps and distinct telephone voice. "They were the four best friends I had in Poland," he says. To prove their friendship, his professors endorsed Kosinski's application for a passport to go to the U.S. for further study.

Odd Jobs. While he waited, Kosinski carried a foil-wrapped egg of cyanide in his pocket and kept repeating to himself, "No matter what, I am going to depart." Miraculously, his scheme worked. On Dec. 20, 1957, he arrived at Idlewild Airport, completing what he considers the greatest creative act of his life.

The usual odd jobs—truck driver, bottle wiper—were followed by a Ford Foundation grant to continue his research. Under the pen name Joseph Novak, Kosinski published two studies of Communist political theory: *The Future Is Ours, Comrade* (1960) and *No Third Path* (1962). In 1962 he married Mary Hayward Weir, the 40-year-old widow of the founder of the National Steel Corp., and Kosinski's life changed again. He began to move in the world of the influential rich, some shadows of which fall on the pages of *Being There*. His wife died in 1968 after a long illness, and he has not remarried.

Today, Kosinski lives in Manhattan but commutes to New Haven, Conn., where, at the Yale School of Drama, he teaches two courses on nonconventional English prose and another called "Death and the Modern Imagination." Generally, he does not have much regard for American students. He once described many of them as dead souls: "At best, they sit and watch films or listen to music in a group, thus isolated by a collective medium which permits each of them to escape direct contact with the others."

Rhetorical Flourish. This will undoubtedly come as a shock to the millions of young people who boast of their vitality and their commitment to causes and intense relationships. Yet Kosinski sees them as living well within a more or less familiar totalitarian spectrum. They are, he thinks, "victims of a collective image which, like ubiquitous television, engulfs us." A rhetorical flourish, perhaps. But it comes from a man who has transcended far more sinister totalitarianisms by leaving nothing to Chance.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Writer's Gauntlet

CRAZY SUNDAYS: F. SCOTT FITZGERALD IN HOLLYWOOD by Aaron Latham. 308 pages. Viking, \$7.95.

Thirty years after his death, F. Scott Fitzgerald lives on as one of his finest and most tragic creations. His books were skillfully fashioned from his life. His life goes on furnishing material for other people's books. The latest portrays the artist in Hollywood.

Crazy Sundays is an unstable amalgam of gossip, criticism and reportage that still manages to give a few frightening glimpses both of Fitzgerald's heroic twilight effort to pull himself together and the particular agonies he endured as a Hollywood scriptwriter.

There are many Fitzgerald anecdotes: how at an early Hollywood party, Scott and his wife Zelda surreptitiously collected all the ladies' handbags and boiled them in a tomato sauce; how, years later, Fitzgerald wandered around the MGM writers' building yearning after a gold name plate for his office door. Some are touching even now. But most lie flat and mossy on the page, perhaps because new and more pertinent myths of suicidal genius have been generated.

What makes Latham's book unique is its examination of Fitzgerald's screenwriting. The author quotes lavishly from the scripts, and a full chapter is devoted to each major screenplay (among them: *Three Comrades*, *A Yank at Oxford*, *The Women*). What Latham fails to do is to evaluate the writing in relation to Fitzgerald's other works. If his film dialogue is fair indication of Fitzgerald's general talents as a scenarist, it is small wonder that he found himself heavily rewritten. Here is part of a speech from his never-produced adaptation of his fine story *Babylon Revis-*

ited: "Do you think that just lying down makes you sleep? Doctors and nurses seem to believe that all you have to do is say 'rest,' and immediately sweet sleep comes. My Heaven! They've given me every pill in their bags, and the miracle just doesn't happen."

It has never been reasonable to assume that splendid novelists make good screenwriters. Accordingly, Fitzgerald's crescendos of self-pity over the alleged butchery of his scripts seem doubly shaky. The best thing to come out of his stay in Hollywood was his unfinished novel, *The Last Tycoon*. Yet even there, Fitzgerald's choice as the movie-mogul model for his hero, Monroe Stahl, reflects a certain confusion about the craft and commerce of film making.

Stahl was patterned after Irving Thalberg, the "boy wonder" of MGM whom Fitzgerald idealized almost beyond recognition. Though he had talent enough to talk over a good turn of plot, Thalberg was a merciless businessman who ran MGM like a gilded assembly line. He invented the technique of putting teams of writers to work on a single script, sometimes all at once, often with no knowledge of each other's participation.

It was a brutal system that depressed Scott Fitzgerald. It is one of the many wistful ironies of Fitzgerald's life that the man who created this humiliating gauntlet for writers was shaped into the likeness of a modern tragic hero by one of the system's most prominent victims.

• Joy Cooks

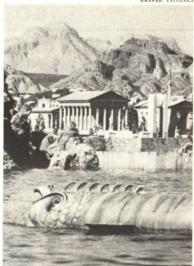
Dreaming on Things to Come

AT THE EDGE OF HISTORY by William Irwin Thompson. 180 pages. Harper & Row, \$6.95.

This book is superficial, fragmentary, tendentious, scholastically disreputable and continuously fascinating. The author is billed as a humanities professor (32 years old, Ph.D. from Cornell, now teaching at York University in Toronto). In fact, anyone can see that he is some kind of mage, adept at issuing spells and performing mind-rattling tricks with bits of brimstone. Still, the questions that he poses are enormous. Where on earth is man heading next? Where, for that matter, has he been?

Taking his cue from 2001, Arthur C. Clarke's classic science-fiction novel Thompson suggests that the seemingly solid fabric of mundane existence has gaps, where "the millennial imagination of the future is interrupting the daily news of the present." Spot the gap and you can see forward into history.

That's the theory, anyway. As Thompson unintentionally shows, the trick works best when the viewer is so sensitized (worried, infuriated, charmed) by what he sees that a flash of understanding takes place, a kind of epiphany. Setting out on a jagged perambulation of our cultural landscape, Thompson finds little revelation in Los Angeles, a prime gap candidate if there ever was one. Big Sur's Esalen In-



ATLANTIS

Myth is the detritus of history.

stitute, another potentially numinous spot, does not produce much cosmic insight either. But it does offer some memorable scenes, particularly a moment when Joan Baez disrupts a "Future of Consciousness" seminar by angrily demanding that the participants stop talking about themselves and declare their positions on Viet Nam.

Not until he reaches the Massachusetts Institute of Technology does the author reveal his true capacities as a Jeremiah. Here he finds engineers and behavioral scientists assembling a future that they intend to inflict upon us whether we want it or not. Others before Thompson have pointed out the horrors of technocracy, but seldom with such a combination of pique and precision. (Example: "M.I.T. needs a large psychiatric clinic because the effect of technological training is to do to the psyche what industry does to the environment.") Thompson's perceptions may be partly explained by the fact that he once taught humanities at M.I.T., surely a soul-shattering experience.

Of course the technocratic millennium may be doomed anyway. In Thompson's estimation, the men who have been planning it are far too straight to see around the necessary corners, much less through gaps. Describing a conference of scholars on the year 2000, he quotes Chairman Daniel Bell's advice to "think wild." Then he shows how little wild thinking anybody dared to do, even Domsday Prophet Herman Kahn, who came equipped with statistics, charts and projections. "What is surprising about Kahn's world view," comments Thompson, "is its utter dearth of imagination."

Thereafter Thompson proceeds to stretch his own imagination. Starting with a paradigmatic four-part diagram illustrating the most primitive division of social roles—Headman, Hunter, Clown and Shaman—he progressively elaborates it, tracing the development



FITZGERALD (CIRCA 1925)

"The miracle just doesn't happen."

© 1971 Lorillard

**"To me, flavor is what smoking
is all about. And I'm not
about to change my mind.
I'm an Old Gold Filters man."**



Old Gold Filters. The cigarette for independent people.

19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70.

The Pleasure Principle

As long as you're going to spend the money for a good scotch, why not spend a little more and get a great scotch.



J&B RARE
The Pleasure Principle.

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8 BROOMS

of human society through history. According to his calculations, which borrow from anthropology, history, psychology and Yeatsian metaphysics, we are presently in Phase III (Industrial Civilization) and moving fast into Phase IV (Scientific-Planetary Civilization).⁸ Provided that the Bomb or the behavioral scientists do not get us first, this last phase will see reunification and integration, a sort of global retribalization. Thompson's arguments are not always easy to follow (or to swallow); yet they buzz with intelligence and an attractive likelihood.

In the last section of *At the Edge of History*, Thompson thoroughly unsettles those innocents who like to feel that the past, at least, is intellectually manageable. So far as he is concerned, Thompson declares, "myth is the detritus of actual history." Pursuing that line of thought Thompson makes a case for Edgar Cayce, the "sleeping prophet" from Kentucky who predicted, among other things, cataclysmic earthquakes and coastal floods and the rediscovery of Atlantis. He also suggests that Immanuel Velikovsky's world's-in-collision scholarship deserves an objective re-examination, especially since a number of Velikovsky's theories, including the existence of a magnetosphere, have proved true.

But Thompson is clearly not an advocate at heart. His tone is neither sensational nor paranoid, which sets him apart from practically everyone else trying to crossbreed science and mysticism these days. What he seems to be asking, with wonderful persuasiveness, is only that we accept the possibility of marvels in the past, or out beyond those gaps.

■ Charles Elliott

* The first two phases were Tribal Community and Agricultural Society.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Possessions of the Mind, Stone (3 last week)
2. QB VII, Uris (1)
3. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (2)
4. The Underground Man, MacDonald (4)
5. The Antagonists, Gann (6)
6. The Throne of Saturn, Drury (5)
7. Rich Man, Poor Man, Shaw (7)
8. Vandenberg, Lange (10)
9. Passenger to Frankfurt, Christie
10. Summer of '42, Raucher

NONFICTION

1. The Greening of America, Reich (1)
2. The Sensuous Man, "M" (2)
3. Future Shock, Toffler (4)
4. Stillwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45, Tuchman (3)
5. Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (5)
6. Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago, Royko (10)
7. The Grantees, Birmingham (9)
8. Khrushchev Remembers, Khrushchev (6)
9. At the Edge of History, Thompson
10. Civilization, Clark (7)

CINEMA



LANCASTER AS VALDEZ
Ivory grin, simian grace.

Burt Force

Bob Valdez is a Mexican constable who matches his shield: battered and tarnished. The decades of self-deprecation seem a fair résumé of his character. Yet when a gunrunner humiliates him to the limits of dignity, the deputy discovers the force that has been dormant in his shield and himself. He announces a vendetta with a terse message—"Valdez is coming"—and the shabby film ignites as he begins a journey to prove himself to himself. Why? Because Valdez is played by Burt Lancaster, 57, who owns a property not available to the Now generation of film actors: a face.

Can it be only the day before yesterday that Lancaster's ivory grin and simian grace made him a star? No, it was 1947, the year of *Burt Force* with Brute Lancaster. Or was it *Brute Force* with Burt Lancaster? Hood and hero, buccaneer and intellectual, Lancaster played them all, sometimes simultaneously. His characterizations were usually as delicate as his incisors, but in such films as *Birdman of Alcatraz* and *Elmer Gantry* he was restrained and acute.

Valdez Is Coming offers little besides its star. Continual editorials about racism give the film contrived relevance. Edwin Sherin's direction may best be described as functional: the members of the cast do not bump into each other. Still, the late Frank Silvera provides a poignant closeup of a peasant with aristocratic sensibility. The rest of the hard-nosed crew are sufficiently malignant to villainize five spaghetti westerns.

Valdez Is Coming, shot overseas, technically belongs in that category. But with the aging, raging constable, it deserves a better label. Call it a Burt Lancaster picture: that says it all.

■ Stefan Kanfer



Did you ever say "Think of all the starving children in Asia"

when your own kids were small
and wouldn't eat properly?

It's one of the things parents say. It didn't mean an awful lot.

Then, last year, I saw an ad for Foster Parents Plan. It was a picture of a little boy with a half-starved look. And it made me think back to what I used to say.

The next month, we "adopted." Not the boy in the ad, but a Korean girl named Son Yoon Ja. Her father was dead. The family of five lived in a single windowless room in a wretched slum (That really got me—a kid growing up without windows.)

The \$16 we send each month isn't much—but what a difference it's made to Son Yoon Ja. And to her family.

It helps provide food. Clothing.

School supplies. Medical care. And counseling on health and nutrition.

Every month she sends me a letter. "I am in the third grade. I love my lessons. I play dodge ball." And happiest of all, "We moved to a place with a kitchen and windows."

You have no idea how good I feel when I think of opening that window for Son Yoon Ja.

In Judy Reeves' heart there was room for one more. Won't you make room in yours?

FOSTER PARENTS PLAN, INC.

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352 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10010

I want to be a Foster Parent for a year or more of a boy _____ girl _____ age _____ country _____ Where the need is greatest _____

I enclose my first payment of: \$16.00 Monthly _____ \$48.00 Quarterly _____ \$96.00 Semi-annually _____ \$192.00 Annually _____

I can't become a Foster Parent right now but I enclose my contribution of \$ _____

Please send me more information.

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In Canada, write 153 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto 7, Ontario



How you can get a fine watch and find friendship and adventure for just \$9.95:

The fevered brain of our promotion manager has come up with another irresistible scheme to attract customers and friends. The watch has induced us to "sell" Swiss-made HAVERWATCH at the laughable price of \$9.95. "Why not just give the watch away," we asked, "and get it over with?" But our man insisted that to charge \$9.95 would separate the men from the boys. Be that as it may, here is your chance for an almost sinful bargain. HAVERWATCH, of supervirile design, has a brushed steel case, stainless back, is anti-magnetic, has an extra fancy dial with sweep-second hand, calendar (with magnifier), and even features a strategically placed jewel! But that isn't all. With the HAVERWATCH you will also receive our color-full 56-page Catalog, PLUS a \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE, which you may apply to your first purchase. Once you are our customer and friend, you'll receive every month delightful and amazing offers of outstanding merchandise. One more word about the watch: it is guaranteed 1 yr. for parts and workmanship, and if you are not really delighted you may return it in two weeks for a full refund (and still remain our friend!). Simply clip this ad, jot your name, address (and zip) on the margin and send it to us with your check for \$10.95 (\$9.95 plus \$1 for postage and insurance—Calif. residents please add \$.55 sales tax), and we'll rush the HAVERWATCH right out.

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Bad Manners

"Ambiguous," appropriately, has two definitions. It means "capable of being understood in two or more senses." It also means "uncertain, especially from obscurity or indistinctness."

A *Severed Head* leaps for the first category and lands in the second. Novelist Iris Murdoch adapted her social farce for the stage with wit and savage observation. Intelligence shone in every scene. The film version, written by Fred-eric Raphael, transfers some of the words but none of the craft. Instead, it presents a plot giggling at itself.

A wine merchant, Martin (Ian Holm), caroms from mistress to wife, only to find that Mrs. Wine Merchant (Lee Remick) plans to run off with her analyst (Richard Attenborough). Wife and shrink plan no abandonment of Martin; instead they demand his love and understanding, which they will return with interest. Indeed, they are so persuasive that eventually Martin apologizes to them for his "piece on the side." To make a long story unendurable, the piece eventually takes up with Martin's brother, and Martin falls in with the doctor's half sister, Honor Klein (Claire Bloom), an exotic cabalist on the order of Charles Addams' Morticia.

On one level, Director Dick Clement attempts to analyze the instability of the modern temper. Supercivilized Martin airily accepts his wife's peccadilloes, and in the next second goes round the bend, hurling Honor to the floor and beating her. On another level, *A Severed Head* is a comedy of manners—but they are all bad manners: farce mixed with Pinteresque pauses, attenuated satire of psychoanalysis coupled with gross sight gags—like somnolent Martin's groping for the phone when it is only the (gulfaw) doorbell.

The principals of the picture are not a cast but a miscast: Lee Remick is barely on speaking terms with her English accent, and Bloom's occultivated whine consists of stares loaded with blanks. Attenborough is an echo of the project: empty smugness, satisfaction without the self. Only Ian Holm, as the passive hero, seems to grasp the thematic perception: modern man and his society are in a schizoid clash where blood and brain, instinct and intellect, struggle for primacy. He alone defines ambiguity in the loftiest sense. Clement & Co. founder in the lowest.

■ S.K.

Lunatic of Manhattan

Had A.A. Milne written *Don Quixote*, he might have come up (and down) with *They Might Be Giants*. Then he would have destroyed it; Milne was a decent chap. *They Might Be Giants* was written by James Goldman (*The Lion in Winter*) and directed by Anthony Harvey (same lion, same winter). They have little mercy, less philosophy and no plot worth the name.

A wealthy jurist, Justin (George C.

Scott) goes insane when his wife dies and fancies himself Sherlock Holmes, complete with Inverness coat, underslung pipe and austere vanity. His brother-in-law tries to have Justin put into an institution to gain control of his fortune. Faced with "Holmes," the asylum assigns a real psychiatrist named Watson (Joanne Woodward). Even though the sex is wrong, the Baker Street Irregular decides that she is the Dr. Watson ("Elementary, my dear"), and the shrink goes along with the gag. Soon the two are tooling along in Manhattan in pursuit of a villain known inevitably as Moriarity.

Dismal End. Moriarity exists—a vague, malignant figure who represents the evil that resides in the System. Holmes, Watson and the adherents they accumulate on their safari, drunks, outcasts and youth, signify all that is good and innocent. Such a thesis has formed the basis for many successful farces. *The Madwoman of Chailloit*, for example. But this lunacy in Manhattan has no imagination to propel its whimsy, no language to give it breath. Goldman is a dealer in used ideas ("The Bible has it wrong—Earth is Eden!" cries Justin). Scott continues to act with impatient power, but his messages all seem self-addressed. Woodward's real sweetness becomes ersatz and saccharine.

As he pursues the forces that eventually undo him, Justin declares that there was nothing wrong with Quixote's vision; the chase animates man, and his windmills just might be giants. But reality eventually intrudes on every vision, and *They Might Be Giants* is a dismal end for a conceit that may have seemed promising at birth. The pretense cannot mask the film's pusillanimous ideas. They might be giants, but in truth they are not even windmills. Just wind.

■ S.K.



WOODWARD & SCOTT IN "GIANTS"
"Elementary, my dear."



THEY PUT THE SHOW ON THE ROAD.

These children live in East New York. In an area scarred with poverty and ignorance.

For miles around them are blocks of broken houses. Rubble-strewn streets. Unemployed, sad-looking men, standing on corners.

And teen-agers cutting school, with the look of junk and despair in their eyes.

And then, along comes the bookmobile. It's the newest, shiniest object in the neighborhood.

And the children line up eagerly to climb aboard.

And when they reach out for a book, something comes into their eyes.

A glimmer. A smile. Excitement.



And the sky doesn't seem quite as grey. Or the streets as sad. And the air is filled with the sound of their laughter and talk.

And the world might as well be born all over again.

What is that worth? Ask the librarians who man the bookmobile. They think it's worth quite a lot. That's why they're there.

Help them to keep this show on the road. And the many like it, in communities all across our nation.

Support your public library.

You've got a right to read.

And so do your kids.

Don't blow it.

National Book Committee Inc.



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Our firm welcomes the first step in the implementation of the Securities and Exchange Commission's conclusion that "...fixed minimum commissions on institutional size orders are neither necessary nor appropriate."

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M.V.P.

Show us a tavern and we'll show you a team.
A softball team. A bowling team.
A touch football team.

Show us a team and we'll show you a
Most Valuable Player. A bartender who played
pretty good ball in school. But plays now just for
the fun of going out and getting winded
with a group of guys he likes.

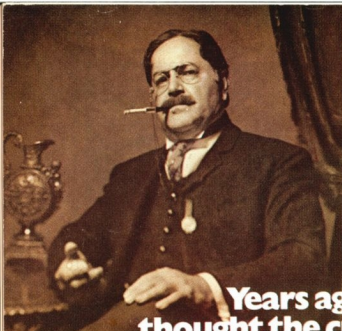
Which is one of the things that makes him
a pretty likeable guy himself. And makes the bar
at your local tavern a warmer, nicer place to be.

May is National Tavern Month.

A perfect time for you to stop by and get to know
the M. V. P. behind your bar. Join us in a
toast to this remarkable man. We think you'll
find he's in a league by himself.



Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada



**Years ago people
thought the cigarette holder
was a pretty good idea.**



It still is.

The cigarette holder. A symbol of elegance.

And yet so practical.

It kept the cigarette away from your lips.

This same principle is true of our Parliament.

The filter's tucked back inside a firm outer shell.

Away from your lips.

Which means you taste Parliament's good, clean flavor.

Not its filter.

The cigarette holder is still a good idea.

We just brought it up to date.

In King-Size and Charcoal 100's.



Parliament.
It works
like a
cigarette holder
works.